

# COUNTRY LIFE

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J. THOMSON.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## HARVEST.

"O HAPPY autumn fields," sang the late Laureate, and one need not suppose that he looked at the almanack before setting the verse down. When the yellow grain gives place to stubble, the first suggestion of autumn has come. And in Southern England, at least, you may sit, not indeed, like the epicurean gods, "propt on beds of amaranth and moly," but in that contrasting form of luxury, the dining-car of an express train, and see that "the ill-used race of men" already "reap the harvest with enduring toil," and gather their "little" (very little this year!) "dues of wheat." One is astonished how time flies. As Rosalind said, "Time travels in divers places with divers persons," but those who love the open air must feel that "he hath galloped withal" this year. It seems but yesterday since, towards the end of a long inclement spring, we were wondering if ever again the nightingale, the cuckoo, and the swallow would come back; if ever again the wild flowers would blow and it would be possible to go out without a great-coat. Then came a month or two of dry brilliant sunshine, and "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la," have come and gone; the little birds have sung their love-songs, and had their families, and are still again; the green grass has ripened and turned into hay; and now on many a fair plain the yellow corn awaits the reaping-machine. The great pastoral poets from Theocritus down to Burns would wonder if brought face to face with a very modern farm. There is a particular example we are thinking of, wherein the occupier, who is also the owner, has not only substituted new machinery for old, but laid a winding tramway among his wheat-

fields, and the following is a realistic and brief epitome of his operations as a grower of cereals. Firstly, in spring he "rives and rembles" the ground with a steam plough, so that instead of the furrowed field and the peasant with his team, you must picture spring on that farm with a puffing engine and a few mechanics in white jackets. There is not a finer pictorial phrase existing than the simple Biblical one, "The sower went forth to sow," and to most of us the words call up not only the ordinary illustration to the text, but memories of the English farmer in springtime scattering his seed by hand. How different must it be to the children who grow up where even this task is performed by machinery! The old words cannot possibly convey the same meaning to them that they do to us, and in the course of a few more generations the most familiar of all books will not be comprehensible without a commentary, for so many things in agriculture, after remaining practically at a standstill for 2,000 years, have suddenly begun to change in sympathy with the rest of the world.

Such an operation again as that of weeding the corn is quite different from what it used to be. On a vast majority of estates the greatest enemy of the farmer is that plant which is variously known as charlock, wild mustard, and runches (Brassica Sinipistrum). It is as persistent in its own way as dandelion or couch, and could not be eradicated by the four-course system, since when grass was grown, or roots, the seeds lay dormant, like bacteria awaiting suitable conditions, but when corn was sown, very soon, as Crabbe sang, "O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade," and its yellow tinged acre upon acre of corn with colour. On the best farms it was laboriously picked by the hands of women, and on the worst left to flourish with its field-mates the moondaisy and the poppy. But now the farmer gets a spraying-machine. With a 2 per cent. or 3 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper he kills the weed mechanically, even as a surgeon eradicates a diseased part from the human body. And when we come to harvest, still more closely does the farm resemble a large factory. M. Frechon's charming pictures in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE show that across the Channel there are still in use implements and methods that with us are almost obsolete. No doubt, with an artist's eye to the picturesque, he selected his subject from an old-fashioned farm, for France is not at all behindhand in the use of agricultural machinery. Yet what a contrast to our up-to-date estate! There are the woman with her sickle and the man with his scythe, as they might have been in the days of Boaz and Ruth, reapers and gleaners, and rough ruddy faces of peasants eating a humble meal under the stooks, all fine and rustic and antique, as from some old master's limning. The contrast is a self-binder, cutting and tying the corn with mathematical precision, and a solitary figure, or may be two figures, following melancholily to set up the sheaves. Merry again and hard was the labour of carrying the corn. Of all rural labour forking sheaves is perhaps the very hardest—it has only two serious rivals: tossing hay and mowing grass—and it used to be entrusted only to the strongest men in the prime of their lives, though in the North, where women are splendidly muscular and men scarce, two buxom girls may often be seen doing between them a man's work in forking. This is all ended on the farm we are thinking of, which is probably a fair sample of what will be a general state of things ere the present century has advanced far. Up through the fields wind the tram-lines, so nicely graded that when loaded and started the waggons roll gently down the decline home, without help of horse or man, while a donkey can run a hundred of them up when they are empty.

It is a very clever idea in its way, and moreover in this particular instance was necessitated by the extreme scarcity of men, but it is certainly depriving harvest of all its picturesqueness. No doubt the old system owed something to the glamour of tradition and long association. The reaping-hook, the scythe, the hock-cart, and the flail are so worked into our language that the very names suggest ideas with which self-binders, patent rakes, tram-lines, trollies, and steam thrashing-machines refuse to be associated, though in time as they get linked with memories it may be different. Of course, it is a matter of sentiment pure and simple, and yet there is a grave question behind it. We are far from wishing to discourage the free use of machinery. No good has hitherto come from that. Yet Mr. Hanbury was telling us the other night that a prolonged check in trade was likely to drive the peasant back to the soil. He will get but a cold welcome if the farmer has to say: "I have no further use for you; the tasks you used to perform are all done by machinery."

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR readers will be pleased to see on the frontispiece to-day a portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, who was formerly Lady Louisa Jane Hamilton, daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. Her Grace is a Lady of the Order of Victoria and Albert.





**L**ORD ROSEBERY'S suggested title for the King, "Rex Britanniarum," though it has the precedent of the Czar, "Emperor of all the Russias," and means, according to his letter to the *Times*, "Of all the Britains beyond the seas, King," does not commend itself to our ears. King of the Britains has not the right sound, and, as Lord Salisbury remarked, we are all slaves of euphony. For the matter of that, none of the suggestions made is exactly happy. "King of all the British Dominions beyond the seas" lacks exactitude, and Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, "King of Great Britain and Ireland and of Greater Britain beyond the seas," is still worse. "Greater Britain" is a rhetorical phrase, and has not a definite meaning. Lord Hopetoun's idea, "Sovereign lord of the British realms beyond the seas" is only the same thing done into affected English. The word Empire is at present much disliked in this country, but in regard to the King's title a very great deal of cleverness appears to have been wasted in an attempt to describe the thing without employing the term. This is childish, and unworthy of a great nation. Since Great Britain is an Empire, the honest way is to describe its Sovereign as an Emperor, and it is not at all probable that the Colonials would dislike it.

Shall we ever know the truth about ex-President Kruger's treasure? After all, there does not seem much more than rumour for the assertion that he carried off £2,000,000 from the Transvaal. Yet it is a rumour one is inclined to believe, because on every possible occasion ex-President Kruger and his brother Boers have shown the quality of slimness, concerning which there is no room for dispute. However, Mr. Davies, the other night, asked in the House of Commons for information on the point. He put his question in this way: "Had the British Consul at Delagoa Bay communicated with the British Government as to the failure to seize, with the sanction of the Portuguese Government, treasure of ex-President Kruger, valued approximately at two million pounds?" This, he intimated, was carried off on the steamer *Litchfield*. Lord Cranborne, who answered on behalf of the Foreign Office, admitted that the ship had been searched, and searched in vain, for this bullion. We are thus left in as great a haze as ever. Were the two millions mythical, or were the search officers incompetent? The answer may, perhaps, be found in the further investigations that are promised.

The death of Bishop Westcott will remind many of us that in his more youthful days he was very much interested in a fad that has again come much to the front, viz., spiritualism. He belonged to Professor Hart's society for the investigation of ghosts, which got nicknamed the "Cock and Bull Club," and did not survive the ridicule. Westcott had drawn up a schedule of questions for the ethereal beings supposed to be disembodied to answer, but the shades were voiceless. It is curious, by the by, to recall how many great and eminent men of our own time have cherished similar beliefs. Lord Tennyson was one distinguished adherent of spiritualism in his day, and there is a passage in "In Memoriam" which he said was written directly from his own experience. Nor is it any secret that among the men of to-day over whom questions of spiritualism exercise a great fascination must be numbered Mr. Balfour. The greater the man the keener his curiosity to penetrate "behind the veil, behind the veil."

Cancer is as terrible a disease as is known to us, yet Mr. Balfour seems to be right in refusing a Royal Commission to enquire into it at present. The immediate cause of the stir is the idea that its conditions are in part geographical, and it has been suggested that a cancer map should be drawn up to show which places are most subject to it, and which immune. In his speech to the Tuberculosis Congress, the King, always alive to whatever is uppermost in the minds of his subjects, expressed a hope that special attention would be given to this horrible

malady. It seems to us, however, that a Royal Commission is not the right sort of body to deal with the case, which is one of scientific investigation. Nine-tenths of the members of a Royal Commission would necessarily be unable to take part in it. The relation of cancer to the soil is a subject exclusively for experts. Quite another question is raised, however, if it be contended that not enough is done to encourage medical science in this country. We have for long been behind the Germans in this respect, and it would be of advantage were the matter to be taken up seriously.

Nothing that ever was designed for the comfort of man is safe from the people who concern themselves about health, and the latest object of attack is the smoking carriage. There it is, if anywhere, that the diseased man spits. He will smoke, whatever is the matter with him, and, smoking, spits; and the germs of his malady live in the dried sputum till the carriage comes to a standstill at its appointed junction or terminus. Then enters an individual, sarcastically termed a cleaner by the railway companies, and what he does is to close the windows, and then, under the pretence of dusting the place out, raise all the bacilli into the air, so that the new comer on entering cannot avoid breathing them. One cannot deny that there is a certain amount of sense in all this, which was said at the Eastbourne Health Congress by Dr. Alfred Greenwood; but, on the other hand, life would be spent in the midst of alarms if one were to give ear to all these sage warnings. In milk and water, in food, clothes, and lodging, wherever we go, and in whatever we do, danger lurks; and so one is tempted to wonder whether life, with these scares always fronting us, is worth the living. At any rate, the dangers, if we can judge by results, are very much exaggerated by doctors.

Curious and old-world-like were the proceedings one day last week at Hastings on the occasion of the summoning of the Parliament of the Cinque Ports, more accurately called the Brotherhood and Guestling, to lay before the King a request that the Barons of the Cinque Ports be permitted to take their historical place in the Coronation ceremony. It has been their right for 600 years, but at neither of the last two coronations has the service of the Barons been called for. Those who were represented at the Parliament were the Cinque Ports proper, i.e., Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, Hythe, with Rye and Winchelsea, under the style of Ancient Towns; Deal and Ramsgate, designated as Limbs of Sandwich; Faversham, Folkestone, and Margate, Limbs of Dover; Lydd, Limb of Romney; and Tenterden, Limb of Rye. These towns were represented by their municipal officers, with the Mayor of Hastings, as Speaker of the Parliament, in the chair. At the Town Hall the assembly donned their robes of office, then went in procession to the parish church, in full civic state, with their chaplain, the Bishop of Chichester, and their solicitor, Sir Wollaston Knockner, C.B. Thereafter they partook of luncheon, and, so fortified, formed a committee to take the right steps for obtaining recognition of the Barons' right to be present at the Coronation.

A meeting that agriculturists all look forward to with pleasure is the annual show at Tring, which will be held on Thursday, August 8th, in the beautiful park that Lord Rothschild very kindly lends for the purpose. It is often and truthfully described as the best one-day show in the country, and is numbered among the few exhibitions that are really well arranged and made interesting. The dairy trials nearly always disclose something extra good, and the sheepdog competitions are equally famous. We can only hope that the weather will be more favourable than last year, when it rained all day, and somewhat spoiled the pleasure of the many Londoners who went down from town to see the show.

Most of the newspapers have raised a gentle wail of agricultural depression because some thirteen acres of freehold land at Branston Island, near Lincoln, have been sold for £180, or, as they ingeniously work it out, at 14d. per yard. But close on £14 an acre is not really such a dreadfully low price. Land was sold in Essex during the past winter at £5 an acre, and within easy reach of London, too. Ere forming any sound opinion upon the matter, the cautious economist would prefer to see the land, as there is plenty of soil in Great Britain that would be dear at the price. And, besides, taking an isolated patch affords no real criterion of value. Let anyone go with his cheque book to buy good land under the agreeable belief that it can be had for an old song, and he will very soon lose his trust in newspaper paragraphs. The truth is that land which went a-begging some years ago in Essex is now profitably turned to account for growing peas, strawberries, and other fruits and vegetables for the London market. Much of it is also feeding dairy cows, and the situation altogether is vastly improved.

There is a certain product of the oak of which we in this country seem to make virtually no use, while its use is much

exploited in Asia Minor. This is the valonia, used in the tanning trade, which is made from the cup of the acorn. According to a recent report, the export from the Port of Smyrna of this drug last year amounted to 68,000 tons, of an average value of nearly £3 per ton. These are large figures, and almost seem to show that we are neglecting an article of some value. In olden days the oak used to be of more use in many ways than we find it now. The acorns used to be ground into meal that was made into cakes for men's use, instead of being given over almost entirely to the pigs as they now are. Deer can eat them with safety, but it is well known that in their unground state they are very bad for sheep or cattle. Many of these die annually from acorn eating.

Many of the provident peeresses are already purchasing the ermine robes that they will be required to wear on the great occasion of the Coronation, and no doubt their economical foresight will be repaid, for there is no question but that the price of ermine must rise as a consequence of the unusual demand. To the unfortunate ermine, hunted to death more zealously to supply the demand, the chain of causes and effects must seem very mysterious. That he should be done to death because a King has to be crowned in Westminster must seem to him a little unkind, as well as a little difficult of comprehension.

The American golfing people are much more stringent on the question of the amateur qualification than our own authorities seem to be. Lately they have been raising a great pother over the amateur status of one or two who have accepted "expenses." It is a question that does not arise quite in this form with our own golfers. Expenses seldom come their way—that is to say, in the way of the amateur. But they come very kindly to the cricketer, who does not seem to lose his status by accepting them. After all, are we right in the view we take of the cricketer's conduct in this respect. Is he quite above suspicion? We have heard an amateur defined as "a man who pays his own expenses." This certainly would not fit many who play cricket as amateurs. The American view, further, seems to be that a paid secretary of a golf club loses his amateur rank. But, by special legislation, editors of golfing papers and writers in them do not fall under the ban. How about a man who has shares in the Stores or any business where they sell golf clubs? The question is a nice one. On the whole, it is perhaps well to take a common-sense and not too technical view of it.

In one of the monthly magazines, Mr. Leslie Stephen has written a pleasant article in praise of walking, and the curious circumstance is that it has quite an air of novelty. Philosophers, indeed, predict that the human race is likely in time to lose the use of feet from dispensing with them. Few people, and at any rate very few townsmen, walk half enough. If poor, they have their workmen's trains, the Underground, and the Tube, or the homely omnibus, and if rich, the hansom and the motor-car, while all classes, both in town and country, cycle. But for a pleasant holiday there is a good deal to be said in favour of "shankie's naigie." The pedestrian sees more of the country than the occupant of a vehicle or a cyclist, for the simple reason, if for no other, that he goes more slowly. It is at his option any time to leave the dusty high road for the pleasant bridle path, and if it be true that the most luxurious traveller is he who has least to carry, he need not encumber himself with as much as a change of linen, or at least more than may be strapped handily into a haversack.

Not a few, it may reasonably be expected, will await with interest the reports of incoming Atlantic liners, in order to hear news of the Shamrock since she left Gourock Bay on July 27th. The challenger did not start at the earliest possible moment after the fitting of her ocean rig, since that would have entailed setting out on a Friday—a proceeding, in the eyes of seamen, that would savour of the rankest folly, and virtually court defeat, if not disaster. For no amount of modernisation in the way of ships and shipping has been able as yet to eradicate that old-world superstition in regard to the sixth day of the week. Fridays, in the mariner's creed, are for ever black; let us trust, then, that the delay of twenty-four hours will have met with Father Neptune's approval. Be that as it may, the weather-wise allow the Shamrock seventeen days to reach Sandy Hook. This calculation is not taking the condition of the elements so completely on trust as might at first sight appear, since in calm weather the escorting Erin will be able to tow her companion; whilst "when the breezes blow," that is to say, in anything less than gales or head winds, the challenger will be able to travel just about as fast as the other would tow her. The omens are propitious; may the omens "pan out" well.

Jesse Hawkes, a guardian of Malling Union, Kent, is much interested in tramps, and has written a curious document about them in the form of a letter to the *Daily News*. A woman tramp had three children, and they were born thus: James,

nine years, in Coxbeath Workhouse; Mary Ann, six years, in Hammersmith Workhouse; Ellen, fourteen months, in Deptford Workhouse. Out of this simple statement it is quite possible to construct a biography of the person in question, and Mr. Hawkes gives several more cases of the same kind. The obvious deduction is that the typical tramp makes tramping a profession. If it were the resource of misfortune alone it would appeal more to our charity, but the tramp is born not made, and once a tramp always a tramp seems more or less true. Further, it would appear that this very undesirable person is in the way of increasing. In Malling Workhouse there were over 100 tramps last week, as compared with sixty in the corresponding week of last year. That there has been an increase of "sturdy beggars" of late is well known, but we cannot believe that it is everywhere so great as in Malling. Were the suggestion acted on that a few should be caught and made to work, the effect would probably be beneficial. There is nothing the real tramp hates more than labour.

There does not seem to be any recognised limit to a County Council's sphere of operations. These bodies constitute themselves custodians not only of roads and other property, but of morals. That for Berkshire, for instance, has just been considering the behaviour of naughty boys under fourteen years of age who have taken very largely to smoking cigarettes. Now, concerning the use of tobacco by adults, there may be some difference of opinion, but as regards children there is none whatever. If it were possible by any reasonable means to stop these urchins from smoking, whoever did so would deserve our thanks, only there does not seem much reason in discussing what is really impracticable. The Berkshire County Council could scarcely get Parliament to pass an Act making it penal for a boy under a certain age to be found with a cigarette in his mouth. Perhaps school teachers and other such parish authorities might receive a general warrant to use the birch on any peccant youth, but failing that—and we are afraid civilisation is too much advanced for such rough-and-ready treatment—we see no way of dealing with what is an undoubted evil, unless, indeed, it be by appealing to the fathers and mothers of the children to bring up their offspring with less vicious tastes.

An effect of the long dry summer, which, perhaps, the recent thunder-storm may be expected to undo, has been to decrease the supply of milk, always rather short at this season of the year. The farmers of Kent and Sussex have met to discuss the subject, and have agreed to raise the price 1d. per gallon. Probably the difficulty they will experience will be that of carrying their decision into effect, because the trade they belong to is wholly unorganised, and milk pours into London from many independent quarters. A few years ago, it will be remembered, the Essex farmers were in the same difficulty, and entered into a combination and alliance not to accept any price that had not been fixed by their leaders. We are not wrong in saying that the result has been in every way beneficial. Consumers find that the quality of the milk has been considerably improved, and it really costs them no more, because under the old conditions it was not the buyer who derived benefit, but the greedy middleman. They should try to abolish him in Kent and Sussex also.

Experts seem to agree that the Irish harvest prospects are excellent. Wheat which, however, is now very little grown, is much above the average, while barley, which is the crop most depended on to "pay the rent," will be a good average one. The reports concerning the oat crop are not quite so favourable. The potato is the one crop on which Irishmen pin their faith, and not for very many years has there been such a splendid prospect as this year. All July, until the last week or so, was dry and warm, in fact no better weather could have been desired for the most precarious period of potato growth, and from present appearances a most bountiful crop is anticipated. Since the heavy rain of last week, a few disturbing reports have come in from the West of Ireland, notifying the appearance of the dreaded blight in some districts, but it has generally been the root rot which has been noticed and not that disease which attacks the leaves and stalks. This root rot blight, like the ordinary disease, requires moisture for its development, but it is hoped that with a return to fine weather again it will be stopped.

In Southern England the country is beginning to assume the garb of harvest, and already cutting has begun in many places. Too soon, is the sorrowful comment of the farmer. Long drought ripened the grass before it was well grown, and it has done the same to our cereal crops. Annually, lack of straw becomes a more serious matter. The custom of importing flour instead of wheat is a growing one, and a result of it is to deprive the farmer of corn offal for feeding purposes. But, on the other hand, improved machinery and greater knowledge have enabled stock-owners to utilise chaffed straw to a greater extent than ever before. Even for cattle feeding it has been found that the lavish and wasteful employment of hay, formerly so



common, is uneconomical. The more serious, therefore, is the prospect, now become certain, of a light yield of straw. It does not promise to be relieved in any way by a superior yield of grain, and as the roots are not looking well either, the outlook is not pleasant. Farmers would welcome rain, even if it came in the shape of a terrific thunder-storm, such as not long ago destroyed a hundred windows in one small village.

The ways of insects are not very easy to understand. Last summer there were so many humming-bird hawk moths about that several innocent souls wrote to the papers saying that they had seen a humming-bird in their garden. Yet this year there is a remarkable scarcity of them, although for most insect-life the year has been more than commonly favourable. The number of earwigs that there appears to be in the world is vast. So far, but it is early to speak, there do not seem to be many wasps, and for several seasons they have not been as multitudinous an infliction as they often incline to be.

An interesting letter to the *Times*, from a Mr. J. William White, apparently a former undergraduate of Pennsylvania College, seems to contradict much that has been said about the training of the crews that come from American Universities to take part in the regatta at Henley. He maintains, speaking with the confidence of one who ought to, and does, know, that these crews have no more training than our own, and that their members are really genuine students, working for their degree. We have, perhaps, been a little ungenerous to the sportsmanlike behaviour of the Americans in coming to visit us and try their style and muscle against ours, as they do; for it is to be remembered that they have scarcely any leisured class in that country. They all are working. Hence it means a deal more to them to take a few months or even weeks out of that working life, to come here and compete with us in athletic contests, than it would mean to us to go to them. And yet they are more often visitors here than we with them. Let us at least try to do them all justice.

## TWO GREAT HORSE SHOWS.



Lafayette.

LADY SHAFTESBURY PRESENTING WHIPS AT BELFAST.

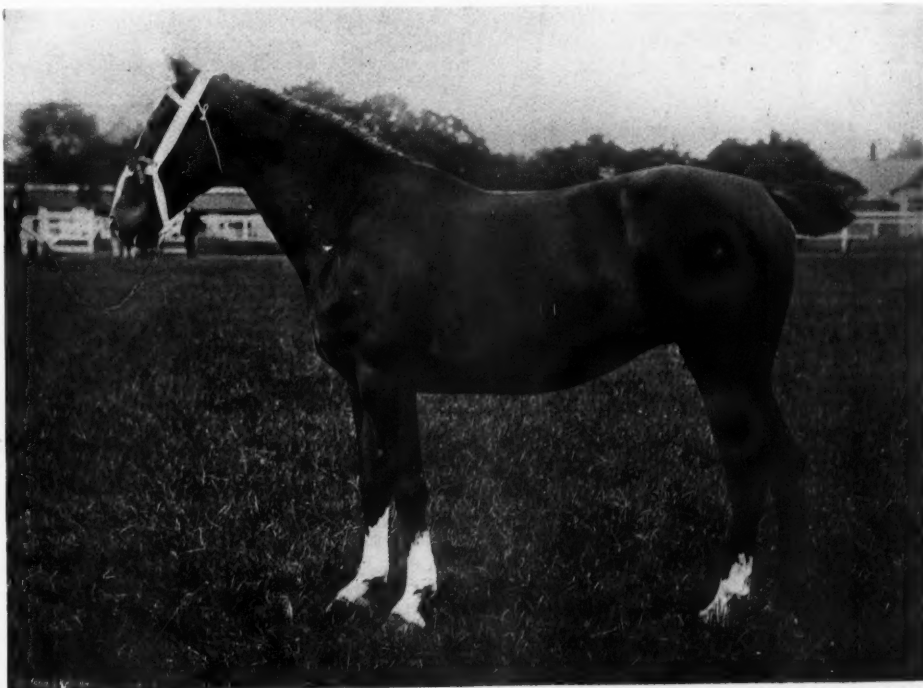
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**D**URING last week two very interesting horse shows were held, the one in Ireland and the other in England, and as these present exceptional opportunities for drawing comparisons between the methods and aspirations of the supporters of such institutions in either country, they may be conveniently included in one report. It may be premised that both Belfast and Tunbridge Wells shows are thoroughly representative exhibitions, and this being the fact, it is additionally probable that the promoters of each may be able to learn something from the other.

In the first place, the merits

of an admirably-arranged show-yard liberally supplied with permanent grand stands—Belfast is the only ground we know

that can boast of two such structures—stabling, and judging enclosures can be compared with the temporarily erected structures in vogue at Tunbridge Wells, and unquestionably to the advantage of the former. The Irish show, moreover, is far more fortunate in its possession of a spacious and very level ground admirably adapted for the judging-rings, whilst the jumping enclosure, with its driving track one-third of a mile round, is superior even to the far-famed Dublin yard, as,



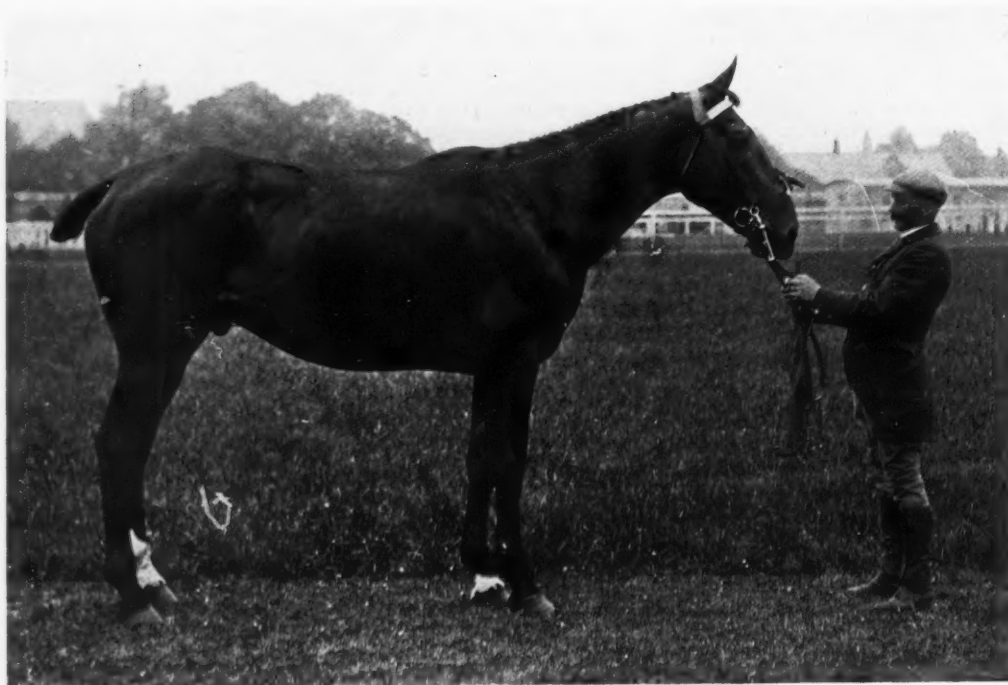
Lafayette.

BRIGHT GARTON DUCHESS.

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having been laid out later than the latter, the North of Ireland track possesses several improvements. So far as the details of management are concerned, there is not much difference between the two, as the English show has improved considerably during the past two or three years, with the result that the judging-rings are better served than they are at Belfast, whilst at the latter exhibition the office arrangements work more smoothly.

When the important question of entries comes to be



Lafayette.

LORD BELLEWSTOWN.

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considered, it is very much a matter of individual taste, where a distinction has to be drawn between the two shows, for, as a rule, the one is strong in the departments where the other is weak, Tunbridge Wells almost invariably possessing the better turn-out of heavy horses, principally Shires, although the Clydesdales are usually good likewise, whilst the Hackney classes are far better than those at Belfast, at which exhibition the hunters are much superior, and the harness horses more attractive, though generally a number of them are American bred. When it comes to a matter of the pleasure features of the two shows, there is absolutely no comparison between the two, for, as already stated, the Belfast jumping enclosure is the best in the world, and with huge entries of leapers to contest for the prizes, the English show is left far behind. The admirable driving track, moreover, offers far greater facilities for the harness horses to display their action than the hilly grass enclosure at Tunbridge Wells, and it can, moreover, be devoted to a trotting competition, which, added to the jumping, affords irresistible attractions to the public, as do also the driving competitions for ladies and gentlemen, and the class for four-in-hand teams. Upon the whole, therefore, the palm for general attractiveness must be awarded to Belfast, inasmuch as the Irishmen have proved themselves the better showmen there, as at Dublin, and doubtless they would receive far more support from England than they do if the Belfast date was so arranged as not to clash with important North Country fixtures, as it did last week.

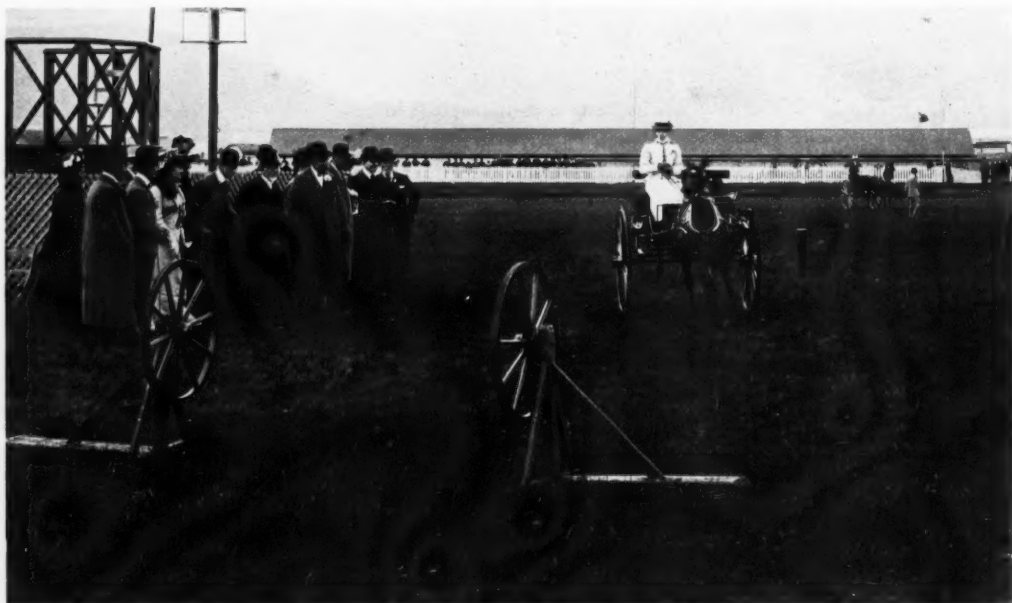
The entry of 518 at Belfast showed an increase over that of last year; and though, as is generally the case, the attendance to witness the judging was small, the spacious stands were packed to witness the jumping and driving competitions in a

manner to bring joy to the heart of Mr. Kenneth McRae, the energetic and always courteous secretary of the show. Hunter stallions were a small class of three, but Mr. F. Wrench's brown Palmerston, by Parlington, dam by Camballo, who won, is a fine big, blood-like, good-shouldered horse, and, as a winner over four miles on the turf, he cannot fail to breed hunters. Hackney stallions were not a very good lot as a whole, but Mr. Wrench again won comfortably with his typical fine-actioned two year old Fitz Rose,

by Royal Danegelt, the London and Cardiff winner. Hackney brood mares were far better regarded as a whole, Mr. Wrench being once more well to the fore, as he won first and third prizes respectively with Bright Garton Duchess and Kitty Clove, the latter a very stylish, nice-actioned four year old, of a good harness type. The pair were divided by Mr. H. H. Smiley's Queen Bess, a short-legged, nice stamp of mare; but the medal for the best Hackney of her sex in the show was bestowed by the judge, Mr. F. W. Buttle, upon Mr. Nathaniel Morton's yearling filly Rosa Dear, a brilliant mover, though she requires to thicken and fill out, as no doubt she will.

As might be expected, the best of the hunter classes were for animals in saddle, though there was plenty of promise amongst the young stock. In connection with this variety, it may be observed that the best of the brood mares fell to Mr. R. G.

Nash's Lady Grey, a grand, sporting-looking, flea-bitten grey, with a very shapely chestnut colt foal by Fortunio at foot. The classes for four and five year olds were excellent in quality, whilst the entries were heavy, Mr. T. A. Burke securing the Hamill Cup for the best hunter bred in Ireland with the dark grey gelding Gratitude, by Regulator, a remarkably blood-like four year old, and all over a light-weight hunter, who subsequently took part in one of the leaping competitions, where he



Lafayette. WATCHING THE LADIES DRIVING COMPETITION AT BELFAST. Copyright

was, naturally enough, beaten by a more matured horse. A charming young mare, too, is Mr. James Willing's bay Sunbeam, the winner in the four year old heavy-weight filly class; and an honest word of praise may also be bestowed upon the same owner's brown four year old gelding, Lord Bellewstown, who was to the fore in the four year old heavy-weight geldings, and Mr. Michael Quinn's bay gelding, The Gem, the winner in the five year old heavy weights, as, but for his rather plain head, he is a real clinker. The hunter classes all through will, however,



leave very pleasant recollections in the minds of those who visited Belfast, especially as the decisions of Lord Enniskillen and Colonel Connellan, who judged them, were for the most part extremely happy.

The harness horses were a capital collection, but it must candidly be admitted that the ability of some of the coachmen was not quite equal to the merits of their horses; in fact, some displays of very bad driving shocked the spectators. So far as the pairs and tandems went, the result of the judging was a triumph for the Hackney in general and Scotland in particular, as Mr. A. Gemmell of Ayr won the over 15h. 3in. pairs with Bay President and Agitator—as fine a pair of bays and as brilliant movers as man could wish to set eyes on—and also in the under 15h. 3in. pairs and tandems, with Lord Dazzler and Lord Dudley, two remarkable goers, and of correct Hackney type. A good deal of criticism was expressed over Mr. Thompson's selection of Mr. McBride's New Sensation as winner



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SHETLAND PONIES AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and in three year old fillies with Yashmack—quite a notable series of victories in such company. Mr. R. W. Hudson also won with his charming two year old filly Danesfield Herome, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Locke King's winning yearling, Judgment of Okehurst, is likewise very promising. The hunters, compared with those at Belfast, were a long way behind, always excepting Mr. Stokes's chestnut Frieston, the winner in the heavy weights, who is a grand-looking horse and a mover, whilst Mr. Cory's St. Donats is also useful. The Hackneys were not a good collection, and call for no special comment, the majority of the winners being well known and the others too poor to notice.

A great attraction at this show was the classes for Shetland ponies, the honours in which were divided between the Ladies Hope, who won in stallions with Opoponax, and Mrs. Wentworth Hope Johnstone, who was ahead in the mares with the charming Topaz. Some very fine harness horses competed, such as Mr. Cunard's Peterborough winners, Silver King and Hawthorn Marvel, and Von Harbinger and Silver Leaf, the famous American-bred pair now owned by Miss Cunliffe, but no "new" horses of superlative merit were included in the entry.

## FROM THE PAVILION.

EVERYONE will sympathise with that hard-working and all-round cricketer, Lockwood, on the ill-timed down-pour that prevented a solitary ball from being bow'd in his so-called "benefit" match. Not that one supposes that this year's match is the end-all of his benefit—the Surrey Club is too generous for that; but a match next year, say, will partake of the nature of a *rechauffé*, and it is not always easy to "hot up" last year's enthusiasm. What special arrangements the Surrey Club makes with regard to these matches I do not know; the



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FIRST PRIZE BERKSHIRE.

"C.L."

in the single harness class, as, though this horse slips along, he is a light, narrow-built animal, with an ugly head and not good feet. Consequently his selection over such horses as Mr. James Prentice's Bothwell Squire, Mr. D. Graham's Sir John, and Mr. Gemmell's Agitator was not generally endorsed; the judge, moreover, and very greatly to his credit, appeared to be not altogether satisfied with his earlier decision, as later on in the day he placed Bothwell Squire over New Sensation when they met to compete for one of the special prizes. The Power Challenge Cup, value fifty guineas, for the best Hackney in harness bred in Ireland, fell to Mr. Nathaniel Morton's very good-looking, nice-actioned Midnight Mail, whose stylish grey stable companion, Irish Mail, made a strong runner up. The institution of this valuable prize should accomplish incalculable good in Ireland when the interests of horse-breeders are being seriously menaced by the large importations of American animals, and it is to be hoped that the generosity of the donor, Mr. Thomas Talbot Power, will be amply rewarded by results. Eight of the four-horse teams which were entered put in an appearance, the display they made being most pleasing. An element of excitement, moreover, was not lacking, as Mr. Melville's bay team overcame the coachman, and bolted round the track, though, thanks to the pluck and presence of mind displayed by Lord Shottesbury and the Hon. Cecil Parker, who at the risk of their lives got to the leaders' heads and stopped them, a serious accident was obviated.

Much of the pleasure of the Tunbridge Wells Show was marred by the rain, Friday in particular being most unfortunate



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THE CHAMPION RAM.

"C.L."

prevailing practice is to allot a particular match to a man, and say, "We assign you this match; you pay all expenses—professionals, police, advertising, cheque-takers, umpires, etc.—and you take all receipts and all risks!" The outcome of this has been that some men have cleared over £2,000, while others have found themselves actually out of pocket. I always think that this is a little hard on the professional, who, of course, regards his benefit as his old-age pension; but, at the same time, it is only fair that the risk of failure—there is always a risk—should be divided between the two parties, and I should have thought that this division of risk might be made by a guarantee on the part of the county of a fixed sum, together with a percentage of all receipts above that sum when expenses have been paid, the balance to go to the county. Over and above this the beneficiary would have his subscription list, while the sale of tickets—a shilling each for the two days—could readily be arranged. As things stand, either the professional gets hard hit, or the county sacrifices two matches instead of one, and may have to defer another worthy man's benefit for a year. Lockwood, I understand, has not insured his match, as is sometimes done, and is perhaps more fortunate in having no cricket than in having a little cricket; the fact undoubtedly strengthens his appeal *ad misericordiam*. Be it always remembered, however, that some county clubs have to fight hard for dear existence, and cannot afford to sacrifice the receipts of a remunerative match in two consecutive years.

I see that the Mold-Phillips-White question is now augmented by another name, that of W. A. J. West, one of our very best umpires, as, indeed, are the other two. He proceeds, not without reason, that Phillips and White are not merely—with the best of motives—no-balling Mold, but are, by insinuation, casting a reproach on those umpires who have not no-balled him. Of course the argument does not hold water, as it does not at all follow that Mold bowls no-balls because certain umpires "call" him—it only proves that it is their *opinion* that he bowls unfairly; hence, neither on him nor on any umpires is any real slur cast. Personally, I am rather pleased with the turn of the wheel, for



TOPSY AT THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS SHOW.

I have always argued that one must have a definition of a throw, and am almost tempted to suggest the delicate piece of casuistry, that if you cannot define a throw, can there be such a thing as a throw? Of course this is merely chop-logic, for there is one thing called "bowling," and another thing called "throwing," and we can see the difference, yet find it hard to define. Till it is defined, however, we shall always be expecting to find ourselves in a replica of the present *impasse*, and, what is more, in the terms of the secular and extra beatitude referring to him who expecteth nothing, we likewise shall not be disappointed.

There is little to record as to the cricket that took place last weekend; rain and hail, lightning and thunder, settled all that. Yet on Thursday play was not only possible at Brighton, but play under the most delightful conditions of sun and sky, so that both Captain Greig and E. I. M. Barrett got centuries for Hants in the match with Sussex. It has not taken the former long to make himself at

home with the English bowlers, for he has already got an average which is nearer 50 than 40, has scored over 200 runs once, and over 100 thrice besides. Barrett has never, I fancy, got a century in a big match before, but he was a terror at Cheltenham College, and got into the eleven as quite a juvenile. Sussex, on a sodden and soaked wicket, would have done little without Fry, who readily surmounted all difficulties and scored a most masterly 89. Match drawn—of course. On Friday and Saturday cricket was possible at Manchester (of all places in the world!), where on slow easy wickets both sides, Lancashire and Gloucestershire, scored with fair freedom and left the match drawn. H. G. Garnett, a most useful "find" for Lancashire, made 80, while Ward had 61, 68 to Board and 60 to Kitcat being the highest Gloucestershire totals. At the Oval (Surrey v. Yorkshire) never a ball was bowled; indeed the only progress made in the match was the winning of the toss by Surrey. Similarly there was no cricket at Worcester, or at Nottingham, or at Leyton, where the home sides should respectively have met Somersetshire, Kent, and Leicestershire. It must be many years since no match was finished and in three matches no ball was bowled in the same three days.

W. J. FORD.

## HOW TO CHOOSE OLD SILVER.

### I.—COLLECTORS' PITFALLS.

TO the man of taste, with a love of form and an interest in the past, there are few pastimes more alluring than the collecting of old silver. Preachers tell us, unhappily, that the more attractive a pleasure the more certain it is to be deadly, and, as regards this particular pursuit, the pulpit does no violence to experience, for not even old china is more likely to lead the amateur astray. The mere facts that small private collections of silver-plate have increased consider-

ably of late years, and that interest in and knowledge of the subject are becoming much more widespread, are in themselves enough to suggest to the beginner that he should walk warily. It is precisely when any given kind of bric-à-brac grows fashionable that the forger and the sophisticator are able to walk in sweet pastures. And the malefactor who works in silver is especially adroit and ingenious. He knows, not from books, but in practice, nearly all that there is to know of the



A TWO-HANDLED PORRINGER, AN EMBOSSED CUP, AND A SIXTEENTH CENTURY CASKET.



subject, while those whom he sets out to dupe usually know next to nothing about it. Indeed, if he had just a trifle more book-knowledge he would be, in effect, invincible, a magician whose spells could be resisted only by the very elect. As it is, he has his vulnerable points, and is already beginning to find that his little villainies are not quite so easy—or so safe—as they were. It is to render them still more dangerous that these hints are written.

Collecting old silver is, of course, a much less costly matter than buying old masters—where the one is open to the comparatively modest purse, the other is possible only to the rich man. Really fine pieces are exceedingly dear and hard to come by; but agricultural depression first, and the Death Duties afterwards, have thrown into the market so many sideboards of plate, carefully treasured for generations in old country houses, that there is no lack of good examples of English silversmith's work of the eighteenth century and, in a smaller degree, of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Its value is, of course, very different from that of modern silver, just as a real Chippendale chair will cost you a good deal more than even the best made article that has just been produced in Tottenham Court Road. But the prudent buyer rarely fails to get his money's worth and more, since the tendency of old silver, with its graceful outlines, its sterling workmanship, and its pleasing air of sober and respectable antiquity, is to sell for more than it cost. The number of the choice must always be limited, and although we no longer melt down our treasures to provide the sinews of war for kings who have lost their own, the occasional burglar and the much less occasional American buyer are ever reducing. That same melting-pot has, in its time, been a terrible enemy to the collector. The Wars of the Roses, the dissolution of the religious houses, the long civil strife of the middle of the seventeenth century, and the general scarcity of cash in Dutch William's time, played almost constant havoc with the gold, the silver, and the silver-gilt plate which had been collected in peaceable generations—collections such as that brought together by the real Sir John Falstaff when he threw off his armour and became a Norfolk squire. The first disillusionment of the amateur is the discovery that there is practically no English plate to be bought of an earlier date than the beginning of the seventeenth century, and very little, indeed, before the Restoration. Fine examples exist, no doubt, but they are chiefly in the possession of City Companies, colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and other corporations. The existing pieces of English plate of earlier date than 1498 are believed to number less than a dozen, while examples dated prior to the middle of the sixteenth century are also exceedingly scanty. It is not, in fact, until Elizabeth's time that we begin to find specimens—sparse enough even then—for each successive year.



A HISTORIC TANKARD.

The collector who is young in experience is usually very ill-acquainted with these leading facts, and many a man has not awakened to them until long after he has parted with his money for mere imitations of that which money can hardly buy. A TWO-HANDLED PORRINGER is a very familiar object in a collection of old silver; but this is a somewhat unusually ornate specimen, being embossed in high relief with shepherd and shepherdess, dog, goat, and cupids. The handles are scrolled female forms; the cover (not shown in the illustration) is embossed with acanthus leaves and a laurel wreath. This porringer, 7½ in. high and 5 in. in diameter, was made in London in 1668, and is now in the cabinet of Sir Samuel Montagu, who is the fortunate owner of AN EMBOSSED CUP, a delightful example of this form of early seventeenth century work. Its date is 1617, and it stands 6½ in. high. The bowl, which is wide at the top, narrows into a cylinder, and swells out again at the base, and the whole of the upper part is embossed with "strap" work and leafy arabesques. The balustered and fluted stem is very elegant. The small SIXTEENTH CENTURY CASKET, with cover—it is less than 8 in. long and only 4 in. high—is a curious and interesting bit of sixteenth century work, conjectured to be French. The entire casket is sheathed with thin silver plate; the binding straps are gilt, engraved somewhat rudely. The hasp of the lock is a lizard, formed and chased in a style apparently somewhat earlier than the bulk of the work. The casket is the property of Mr. George Salting.

Nor is it merely the priceless which is forged. It pays very well indeed to imitate the choice and the merely moderately rare; and such is the ignorance, or, what is still more dangerous, the pretended *expertise* of the amateur buyer, that deception is not difficult. There have, no doubt, always been goldsmiths and silversmiths who have practised tricks that were vain. In days of old their favourite fraud was to imitate the statutory and Goldsmiths' Hall marks—of which we shall have



THREE STEEPLE-TOPPED EGG-SHAPED CUPS.

much to say presently — and to stamp them upon metal less fine than the standard. Their descendants have discovered more profitable devices. They do what Wardour Street is reputed to do for the lover of old oak — they invent old silver. There is good reason to believe that the fraud is not so common by any means as it was; but the efforts of these forgers are still floating about in the market, and the inexperienced may be caught by them any day. The most favourite plan was to obtain possession of a small but genuine bit of, let us say, mid-Tudor plate. To transfer the marks to some large and impor-

tant-looking modern piece is by no means difficult, and the result fetches a sum which makes the game highly profitable. This type of deceiver will sometimes simply forge old marks. Here detection by the expert is perhaps somewhat easier, although the amateur is of course imposed upon in this way with comparative ease. One of the first bits of learning he will acquire is that hall-marks are placed by rule. They are never found in arbitrary positions, and when they are it is tolerably certain there is something wrong. Each period has had its own customs in this regard; but, speaking broadly, it may be said that it has commonly been an object to place the marks where they can be seen easily. A hall-mark on the foot of a cup when it should be on the lip is an instance of what we mean. A HISTORIC TANKARD is a vessel of quite unusual size of its kind—it is a foot high, and seven inches



A SILVER NEF.

wide at the mouth. The lid is flat-topped, and the "thumb-piece" is a large finely-modelled lion sejant. It was made in England in 1692, and was a gift from Queen Mary II. to Simon Janszen, for safely conveying William III. to The Hague in 1691 in the midst of great dangers. A Dutch inscription to this effect is engraved on the lid, together with the English Royal arms. It is the property of Mr. Louis Hutte, and is a very bold and massive piece of work.

Not only must the collector acquire some knowledge of marks and of their history, but he must familiarise himself with the characteristic

design of each period, otherwise he may be readily deceived even by the elementary and clumsy device of placing an early mark upon a piece which, to the experienced eye, can be seen at once to belong to a much later date. The THREE STEEPLE-TOPPED EGG-SHAPED CUPS are exceedingly characteristic pieces. The set belonged formerly to Lord Acton, but are now the property of Sir Samuel Montagu, and bear the London hall-marks of 1611. They obtain their name from their general contour and from the wedge-shaped adornments, so strongly reminiscent of certain London church spires, with which they are surmounted. The centre cup measures 19½ in. in height; the others are 18 in. There are many good "steeple cups" in the market, but they are usually much simpler and more austere than these magnificent specimens; and it is perhaps hardly necessary to say that a set of three such cups is



PORRINGER AND COVER, PORRINGER-SHAPED CUP, AND GILT MUFFINEER.



extremely rare. The "steeples" are three-sided and pierced, surmounted by a ball and spike, with three scrolls beneath, and stand on three bent female forms bracketed. The domed covers are embossed with "strap work" and foliage, and the deep bowls are similarly worked. The stems are baluster-shaped on raised feet, also embossed, and embellished with three scrolled monsters near the bowl. Not every collector has the time or the inclination to make a minute study of the cycles of goldsmiths' marks, or of the variations in design, and when that is the case the safest—and much the cheapest—course is to place one's self in the hands of a dealer who is master of his subject, who has a reputation to lose, and who, if his prices are sometimes a trifle higher than those of less completely accredited persons, may be depended upon never to offer the amateur a piece which will not bear the strictest scrutiny.

The SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PORRINGER AND COVER and the slightly later PORRINGER-SHAPED CUP we illustrate are given because they are very characteristic examples of such pieces. The porringer, which is dated 1684, is very simple, but gains elegance from the scrolled handles with grotesque heads. The handsome cup belongs to a class of work which is always admired—that of the early days of Queen Anne. Its date is 1705, and it once belonged to John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, whose arms it bears. Both pieces are now the property of Mr. F. H. Woodroffe. The porringer is 6½ in. high and 5½ in. in diameter. The cup is a fraction lower. The fine example of A GILT MUFFINEER, of unusually large size—it is 8½ in. high, and is the property of Mr. S. E. Kennedy—is English work, and bears the hall-mark of 1710. It is exceedingly graceful in form, and the pierced work in the lid is very handsome.

A further illustration, A SILVER NEF, shows a very charming example of a class of silver about which one could easily write a voluminous chapter. These graceful pieces are often larger but rarely more elaborate than is this, and are not infrequently silver-gilt, but the workmanship of Mr. T. Vernon Wentworth's example is exceedingly delicate and beautiful. The silver nef—a nef is, of course, a ship—was a familiar object upon the seventeenth century dinner-tables, especially in Germany and the Netherlands, where they were not only ornamental, but served a useful purpose. The hull was almost invariably hollow, and was fashioned to hold either a bottle of wine or sweets and spices for dessert. This particular piece forms a series of spice-boxes. Since its length is 17 in., while its height is only 18½ in., it is nearly as long as it is high. It is a very realistic bit of work, with two masts, schooner-rigged, in full sail, and double crows'-nests with men within. There are six cannon on the deck, a quantity of piled shot, a capstan, and many sailors and others in contemporary costumes. The hull is elaborately chased. Surmounting it is a border with bacchanalian subjects, the compartments divided by sea-horses with spiral tails, while below we have Venus rising from the sea, attended by tritons

and nymphs. The ship is supported on wheels adorned with beautiful filigree work. The object of this under-carriage was to wheel round the table the bottle or the sweetmeats concealed in the hull. This elaborate piece of work, which is furnished with rudder and anchor complete, was made at Augsburg late in the seventeenth century. The nef would seem to have been the ancestor of the often very artistic brass and silver "Burgundy waggons" seen on almost every aristocratic dinner-table in Belgium. They are glorified forms of the wicker pannier in which old wines, which must not be shaken, are served in this country. Their wheels are often very prettily chased with floriated designs. The late Duke of Edinburgh had, at Coburg, a famous collection of nefs.

Provincial collectors, and those who sometimes buy from dealers in country towns, cannot be too careful. The bulk of these dealers know but little of old silver, certainly not enough to enable them to advise a purchaser, since their skill is often insufficient to preserve themselves from imposition. It is, indeed, in the country that the greatest quantity of imitation antique silver is put into circulation. It may be bought and kept on a sideboard for a generation without being suspected, but more often it finds its way pretty quickly to some London auction-room, where it is knocked down by an auctioneer who cannot be expected to be familiar with so intricate a subject, to a purchaser who is prepared to believe anybody who tells him that he has secured a prize. A good provincial mark easily passes muster, even when it is forged; indeed, the facilities for forgery cannot be too strongly impressed upon the purchaser. As Mr. Chaffers has told us, by the aid of the electrotype, "an ancient vase, cup, or any piece of plate may be moulded with the greatest exactness, showing the minutest chasing and engraving, and even the hammer marks of the original, as well as the hall-mark itself." Given, however, taste and means, and, above all, the sense to submit proposed purchases to a competent adviser, there is no obstacle to the amateur getting together an excellent collection. The "silver table," which is now so often found in drawing-rooms, has, no doubt, suggested the hobby to a good many collectors, since their number has certainly increased very considerably of late years. It is, of course, obvious that the feminine "silver table" is in a very different position from a sideboard of plate. The pretty little oddments which it contains, charming and desirable as they may be, are rather curiosities than aught else, and can often be picked up for a mere trifle. Still, there is no reason why they should not be used as a kind of Primer, from which the beginner may pick up useful bits of knowledge. A cynic has said that if one cannot be clever one can at least be suspicious, and the collector will lose nothing by constantly remembering to "beware of imitations." There is much less forgery than there was; but the spurious "old" silver of past years still crowds the market—and the sideboards of the ignorant and incautious.

## STEPPING-STONES.

RUDE, primitive, and on that very account possessed of their own simple beauty, the Celtic stone bridges which have been shown in COUNTRY LIFE carried us back to a time when the inventions of later days were still in the future. But these charming pictures of stepping-stones carry us a step still further back. Very early man had no use for bridges. If he came to a river, he swam it; or if he could not swim, he looked out for a shallow place where the water rippled over yellow sand, and waded. The placing of stepping-stones was one of his first artifices; nay, it could scarcely be called an artifice, since Nature herself makes stepping-stones. On mountain streams, such as those that flow from the Cheviots—



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where the writer's knowledge was gained—there are stepping-stones caused by floods. In summer you can scarcely believe it. The tiny stream wimples and trickles like a silver vein through a desert of rock and boulder, laps against a mossy rock so gently you can scarcely hear it, sings—and, as you fancy, even laughs—down gravel channels now glistening in the sun, now dark in shadow, creeps past prickly gorse and

green bracken, and ever and anon tumbles in a slender waterfall. How sweet and silent it all is then. The bleating sheep and the voices of birds only accentuate the calm. Many a time in the cool of the evening, when the sun has fallen behind the hills and left "the red clouds to preside o'er the



J. Valentine and Sons, Ltd. ON THE GWYNANT AT BEDDGELERT.

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scene," with not a breath of wind to ruffle the pools or interfere with the natural ripple, though that is the time of day when every pool is ringed with the movements of rising trout, I have stopped fishing merely to look and admire. That, no doubt, was in young and enthusiastic days; but one gets an after-taste even now—a glimmer of the glory that once was so apparent; and as long as brooks flow to the sea it must be so. And I daresay among the real hill people, those who have not only been born there, but have lived all their simple lives without any desire to rush into the whirl of cities, and with no ambition beyond that of having a bed to sleep in and a crust to eat near the familiar

stream, more poignant associations linger round the stepping-stones. One summer evening, a few years ago, I was looking at such a scene as I have described, where rough water bubbled and boiled round natural stepping-stones. They were not regular, and the places of some were indicated only by white foamy spots, so that I was not surprised to see a buxom girl who had crossed the shoulder of a hill take off her boots and stockings when she arrived at the ford. Her age might have been from eighteen to twenty, and she had a complexion as red as a rose, a finely-developed figure, and, though just on the side of over-plumpness in so young a maiden, was altogether a splendid type of rustic health and beauty. In as short a time as it takes to describe, she had kilted up her petticoats and begun to cross. But there had been more than one observer. A big bearded young man, with a frank blue eye and features that always seemed to wear a happy smile, had been plying his rod further down, where he was concealed by a grove of mountain ash. Suddenly he appeared to be taken with an ardent desire to cross, and when the maid was in the middle of the stream he began to approach from the opposite side. No doubt they were old acquaintances, for

though I could not make out the words, I heard him shout to her in a voice that was apparently calculated for holding conversation with people who were miles away. The effect on the girl was magical. I am bound to say that as long as she had thought herself alone, the idea of fear or timidity never seemed to have entered her head, but she had made herself barefoot and tucked up her clothes in as matter-of-fact a way as if she were about to sit down to a plate of porridge. Now, however, a thousand feminine alarms seemed all at once to seize upon her mind. She called to the man to go back, but he only advanced the faster; then she turned, as if to fly, but stopped as though fascinated and terrified by the water. In her agitation she forgot about holding up her frock, so that her skirts now trailed in the water; and with her bare feet glistening white on a submerged stone, as the stream bubbled over them, she formed a very pretty picture of distress. Evidently the swain deemed it all a pretence, for he exhibited plain symptoms of indulging in the frolics of his kind; but if it were sham, she was an excellent actress. What conversation passed between them I do not know, but it ended in the youth dropping into the water by her side, and, careless

of wet trousers, taking her by the hand and leading her over in the most gallant style. Probably she was softened by his kindness, for when, safe on the bank, he proffered a shysalute, she scarcely made a pretence of resistance, and the last I saw of them was their backs as arm in arm they took the winding path that leads across a heather-clad shoulder of the hill.

After this episodic digression, we may return to the point at which

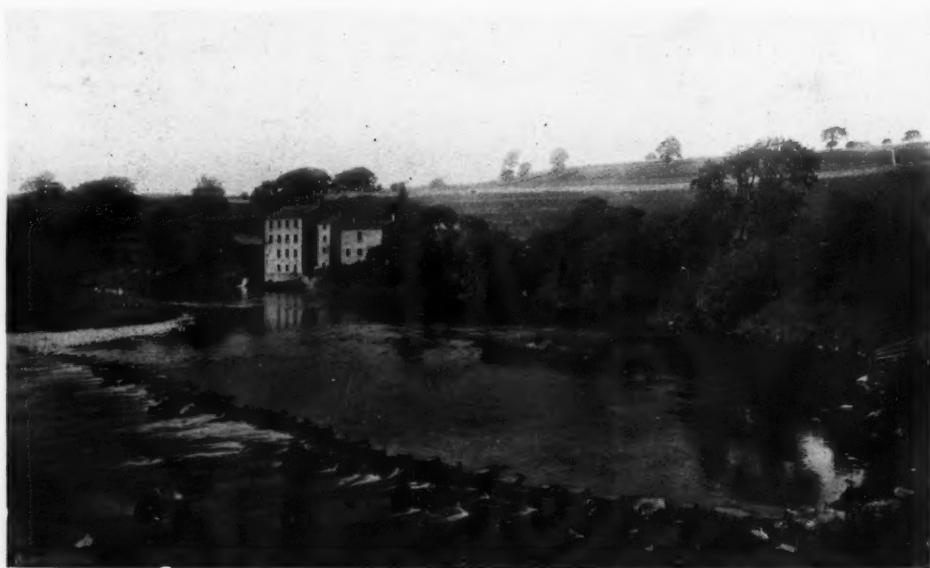
it started. This slender summer rivulet has great bridges flung across it here and there, and under the bridges there are long rails or wires, placed as if to catch the *débris* borne down by a seething torrent. Also, the channel is



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TORR STEIS, EXMOOR.

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LINTON STEPPING-STONES.

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very broad—a perfect wilderness of dry stones. But the shepherd well knows that, when the winter rains come and a thousand cascades tumble into the stream, it swells and rises into a roaring torrent, bearing down in resistless force not only great stones, but giant boulders. It is then that stepping-stones are swept away and new ones formed. This, doubtless, gave the idea of those artificial crossings shown in most of our illustrations. One notices several types of them. The one that appeals to me most is that of Rushford Mill, Chagford. I am not personally familiar with it, but the fine old mill, the particularly sweet white-walled cottage with the creepers, and the character of the river, remind me of what I knew well in boyhood. The mill I think of had a sluice up which trout and salmon made the most determined efforts to swim, and every night when the water was turned off there they were left sprawling and jumping. The proper thing to do was to take them one by one and place them gently in the main current; but virtue of that kind did not greatly abound in the neighbourhood, and much I fear that the fish thus stranded were effectually prevented from returning to the sea again! In reality the stepping-stones were not greatly needed, as there were a bridge and ferry at no great distance; but he would be a thin-blooded schoolboy who consented to go dry-shod over a bridge when dangerous stepping-stones were available. Besides, if the truth must be told, the stepping-stones led into a most strictly preserved estate, which was systematically raided at various seasons of the year. In spring and early summer the birds used to nest there with scarcely an attempt at concealment. Then, too, the unfished rivers and pools were populated with guileless trout. The privacy, be it noted, was maintained for the sake of an old lady, who, as I came to know afterwards, had met with a love disappointment in her youth, and now lived as a recluse, seldom venturing beyond the shady wooded walks, unless it was to perform some kind or pious deed. Little did we reckon then of the vain regrets or unassuageable sorrow that made her try to wall out the world and live a nun's life in this solitude. The hazels were wild and innumerable, and the

start with the simplest of luncheons thrust into the fishing basket, and rod and line of the commonest, a long bright summer day in front and a boy's unclouded mind to enjoy it. The picture that gives the best idea of the scene is that of the stepping-stones at Dovedale. There are the hills and crags, there is the road, unfenced, winding up the burnside among the heather and bracken, and the stream foaming down its channel. Only I do not like the cow. Mine was a land of sheep, and the cow is as suggestive of civilisation as is the maiden under the parasol of tourists and summer visitors.

In crossing, the fun was always greatest when the water



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RYDAL STEPPING-STONES.

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had risen a little. During a heavy flood the stones were, of course, altogether out of sight, but before the water had risen to any great height, even if they were covered, one could tell where they were by the bubbling. Indeed, during a dry summer they were contemptuously overlooked altogether, since, in all but a few deep parts, it was easy to get across by taking off one's underwear, and wading. When the water began to rise this was no longer practicable. It came down chocolate-coloured, and no one could tell exactly where it was shallow and where deep. Then a mountain stream swells as quickly as an incoming tide, and many have been the accidents due to attempting to cross at the beginning of a spate. Probably the stones are only two or three inches under water, but then they become exceedingly slippery, and a stumble means precipitation into something very like a mill course. I have been in such a scrape more than once myself, and I particularly remember being up to some mischief in mid-stream, and someone pushing me, so that I lost my footing and tumbled, to be rolled over and over like a log of wood by the angry water. Luckily it swept me into an eddy, where was an alder bush, which after being once clasped, was held tighter than anything was ever held before. But whether dangerous or not, the tendency now is to do away with all those pleasant old devices. Rural authorities are mostly of a strictly practical and utilitarian turn of mind. At any rate, my experience is that they care absolutely nothing for maintaining what is old and picturesque



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AT DOVEDALE.

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and beautiful, while they manifest a keen desire to make things easy. In some places they have substituted foot-bridges for stepping-stones, and nearly all the bridges are of iron and most hideously ugly.

The natural evolution of the bridge from the stepping-stone is very finely shown in one of the photographs, the one from Exmoor; it shows the gradual evolution from the ford to the bridge of to-day. Perhaps one of the reasons why stepping-stones and fords awaken so many pleasant associations is because, though they carry us back to prehistoric times, the places in which we find them to-day are among the wildest and sweetest scenery

bramble thickets yielded the largest and ripest berries, so that we would return on September evenings sated with nuts, and hands, lips, and faces stained with juice.

Yet these were, to some extent, the stepping-stones of civilisation. Away among the cool mountains were others that conveyed a richer romance. They are associated in my mind with days given over to fishing. Early in the June mornings, when the dewy purity of dawn still lay on the unmowed hayfields and the green corn, when the cuckoo still was singing, and the last May blossom had not fallen from the hawthorn, how pleasant it was to

of Great Britain. They make us think of summer days spent fishing, shooting, or merely lazying and enjoying ourselves in the Peak country; on the moors of Cornwall, Devon, or the North of England, amid the mountains of Wales, or in the Highlands of Scotland. They bring with them memories of purple heath and crying wild birds, of bleating sheep and tinkling water—in a word, of all those sights and sounds familiar when we forsake for a while the haunts of men and live as our forefathers did, under the open sky, with the winds of heaven blowing on our cheeks and the sounds of Nature falling on our ears.

## DISTANT COUSINS.



CHOW-CHOW PUPS.

THE photographs here shown have an interest apart from the special charm attaching to good pictures of young animals. It is found that quite young, immature animals often show likenesses to some original parent stock which the grown-up beasts do not. Everyone will recall, for instance, that lion cubs are spotted at birth and for some time afterwards, and that the calves of red deer are as clearly spotted with white as a fallow doe, though the father and mother have no spots. The conclusion is that spots were the fashion, both with the primitive ancestor of the deer and of the lion. When we come to the question of the origin of the dog, it is not a bad plan to look to the same source of information. Naturally we should not seek hints as to the "undescended great original" in the young of such highly bred and civilised types as the spaniel or the setter, or even the fox-terrier. But if we can find a litter of the young of some uncivilised breed of dog, and then get a wolf litter and a fox litter of cubs, and set two or all three in a row, we shall see for which the dog puppies have the greater affinity. Photographs of fox cubs are so numerous that perhaps our readers can figure them for themselves. They are more elegant, far more kitten-like, and not like little dog puppies in any marked degree.

The effort to get a litter of some breed of dog approaching the first type domesticated has resulted in a photograph of a set of chow dog puppies. If the lovers of chow dogs will not take it amiss, it may be pointed out that the "chow" is a very good example of the early savage, unimproved dog. It has a sharp muzzle, prick ears, a rough coat, and a curly tail. In this



WOLF CUBS.

it resembles the Esquimaux dogs (which are constantly crossed with the wolf to give size and strength), and the "Huskies," or sledge dogs of the Alaskan Indians.

Chows are actually kept in Tartary to be killed for the sake of their coats, not as domestic pets. (This is a dreadful story, but a true one.) If the reader will kindly compare the three chow puppies with the three cheerful little wolf cubs here shown, it will be seen how very like they are. They have almost the same fur, the same prick ears, and general shape. Only the wolf cubs are so much the best. They have splendid straight, strong legs; the chows' legs are weak and bowed. The wolf cub's feet are large and firm, the chow's small and puny. But that only shows that the dog-like descendants of some prehistoric wolves are degenerate. Dogs will interbreed with wolves and jackals, but the very best authorities have never yet proved that a hybrid between dog and fox has been bred.

C. J. CORNISH.

## IN THE GARDEN.

ROSE KILLARNEY.

THERE was no more beautiful Rose at the recent exhibition in the Temple Gardens than Killarney. It is as pretty as its name. A frequent correspondent says: "This exquisite Hybrid Tea Rose becomes more popular every year. What a depth of petal is seen in the bud, and how beautiful are the almost single expanded flowers. Then again, the fresh pale pink colouring, varying almost to blush white, is so distinct, although there are dozens of pink varieties. The massive bunches of Killarney shown at the recent Temple Show proved that this Rose is of much value in the garden, but no one unacquainted with this variety can judge of its beauty from the ugly bunches which appear to be the fashionable way of displaying these beautiful kinds. They should be shown as cut from the bush, with all their wealth of bud and foliage. Many would be induced to grow certain kinds more were they better shown."

GARDEN ROSES AT EXHIBITIONS.

This reminds us that Rose exhibitions lose half their charm to the visitor (who cares not a jot about width of petal of perfect show flowers) through the so-called garden Roses suffering from a prevailing fashion. That fashion is to take a delightful rambling Rose and show it in close bunches as thick as red Poppies in a chalky cornfield. It is impossible to learn anything of their growth, although one may admire the colouring of the flowers, from these formal bunches. We write garden Rose to distinguish these purely exhibition kinds from the glorious Chinas, Hybrid Chinas, and the many rambling varieties that are now available. We are surprised that no one has thought it worth while to show the free and graceful Roses in some prettier way. Long sprays of flowers in some simple glass and against some quiet background would make a delightful feature, an instructive one, too. We noticed three flowers of Jersey Beauty, the best of all the Wichurianas, mixed up with other things, giving no indication whatever of its value in the garden.

CAMPANULA MIRABILIS.

This is one of the most important additions to the Bellflower family of recent years, and we are reminded of its beauty by a plant of it in full bloom from Messrs. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea, who write us thus: "The plant is grown in pebbles with very little soil. This is the only way we have been able to get it to flower, and we think this is the secret of success. The seed was sown three years ago. The plants that bloomed last season soon died; indeed, it seems to concentrate all its strength in producing flowers." The plant sent was a picture of colouring; the flowers are about the size of those of the ordinary Canterbury Bell, but shorter in the bell, and pure lilac in colour, with just a touch of blue, but not sufficient to spoil the clear and refined shade, while the bell inside shades off to almost pure white. Its freedom is extraordinary. The whole plant is simply a mass of colour, with hardly a vestige of green from the leaf. Those who have hitherto failed to grow a charming Campanula should try Messrs. Veitch's way.

ADIANTUM PEDATUM.

Those who grow hardy Ferns and have not *A. pedatum*, the Bird's-foot Maidenhair, are without a charming species, which when happily placed will spread freely. The writer has seen broad, free groups of it in several gardens lately, but the plants in Mr. G. F. Wilson's garden at Wisley and another retreat in the same neighbourhood are the finest we have ever seen. Mr. Wilson's plant is sheltered among tall hardy Ferns, but too much shelter deepens the frond colouring. We enjoy this *Adiantum* most when the colour is pale green, and the stem of deepest black. *A. pedatum* comes from North America, and is very beautiful grouped with flowers usually grown in woodland or in shady places, the *Trillium grandiflorum*, Blue Windflower, hardy Cyclamen, and plants that require similar soil and position.

LILIUM HENRYI AND L. GRAYI.

The first-named is certainly the most distinct and striking of noble Lilies introduced of late years, and the more one sees of it the more its value in the garden becomes apparent. It is worthily named after the famous Dr. Henry, who has imported so many beautiful things from China. Bulbs of it were first sent to Kew by Dr. Henry in 1889, and flowered there in the August of the same year. The growth is very tall, upwards of 8ft., and nearly forty flowers will appear on the same stem. These are like those of *L. speciosum* in form, but utterly different in colour, being a warm apricot yellow shade, a shade hitherto absent from the entire family. Seedlings soon flower; in fact, this Lily is vigorous in all ways—tall, free-flowering, and seldom failing through disease or other causes. *Lilium Grayi* is still more recent as a cultivated plant, although it has long been known to science. We believe this Lily first flowered in England in 1871, but it was discovered by Dr. Asa Gray in Northern Carolina in 1840. Only one specimen of it was then found, but after many years it was again discovered, and in greater quantity. It is allied to *L. canadense*, but has smaller flowers, of an intense orange red colour with maroon spots. In its rhizomatous bulbs and foliage *L. Grayi* is like *L. canadense*.

LILIES THAT SUCCEED ALMOST EVERYWHERE.

We have been looking through some interesting reports about Lilies, and notice how successful generally are the cup-shaped kinds, those that belong to



the group known as Isolirion. This comprises *L. davurien*, *L. croceum*, the well-known Orange Lily, *L. bulbiferum*, *L. elegans*, and *L. umbellatum*. It is so important to know the kinds that succeed practically everywhere, as it is disappointing to buy bulbs that only die. *L. Martagon* is another safe species, and in this happy category may be placed the beautiful *L. Hansoni*, *L. pomponium*, *L. chalcidonicum*, the buff *L. testaceum* (which the writer considers one of the finest of all), *L. pyrenaicum*, and *L. szovitzianum*. It is interesting to know that the *Martagon* Lilies do not flower the first year so abundantly as those of the *davuricum* group. One well-known Lily authority says: "In no class of plants is the advice 'let well alone' of more importance than in the *Martagon* section of Lilies, for established clumps once removed take a long time to recover their former vigour. . . . The *Martagon* need at least a year to establish themselves; indeed, they continue, as a rule, to gain strength for several seasons." The Tiger Lilies, *L. speciosum* and its varieties, the white *L. candidum*, and *L. auratum*, although so prone to disease, are generally satisfactory. In the reports sent out, more than half return *L. candidum* as never failing, so that the disease is not so universal as notes in the papers would lead one to suppose.

#### UNSATISFACTORY LILIES.

Many kinds cannot be recommended to the beginner, and on the black list must be put, as far as outdoor culture is concerned, *L. avenaceum*, *L. Batemanniae*, *L. bloomerianum*, *L. callosum*, *L. canadense*, *L. concolor*, *L. columbianum*, *L. Grayi*, *L. Humboldtii*, *L. Leichtlini*, *L. maritimum*, *L. medeoloides*, *L. Maximowiczii*, *L. neilgherrense*, *L. nepalense*, *L. odorum*, *L. parvum*, *L. philadelphicum*, *L. pulchellum*, *L. rubellum*, *L. sulphureum*, *L. wallichianum*, *L. washingtonianum*, and *L. Krameri*. But, of course, there is pleasure in growing things that will not succeed everywhere; and experimental planting is not only enjoyable, but so helpful to those who have not the means to submit quietly to failure. We have yet much to learn about the great Lily family, especially as to its importance in the garden landscape. The writer recently saw a mass of probably more than fifty spikes of *L. testaceum* on the edge of a wood, and nothing could be finer in colour, or, for that matter, form too. The buff-coloured Lily is superb.

#### GARDEN PINKS.

All good gardeners make full use of the common garden Pinks; we mean the old fringed white and those with a good black base. While much attention has been given to raising Carnations of good colour and without split calyces, the Pink has been forgotten, although of almost as much value in borders and beds. We enjoy the common white fringed Pink more than the big-flowered varieties, such as *Mrs. Sinkins* and *Her Majesty*. A well-known writer about gardens says it is "indispensable in its pretty modest beauty and its incomparable sweetness. Every year as its flowering time comes round one greets it as one of the old treasures most to be loved and prized. Nothing is a prettier edging to a walk, for even when the bloom is over, its neat tufts of bluish foliage are charming; and it should not be forgotten that in winter the leafy tufts are at their best." Raisers of new flowers should strive to get a good black base to the flower. We care little for the laced Pink of the show kind, a plant which gives few flowers, and these often weak in colour. A flower like the old fringed white, with a black base, has a charm of its own; the colouring is good, and there is the same sweet Pink perfume of the white kinds. It is very easy to raise Pinks. They may be struck in boxes of ordinary soil, or in a small bit of prepared ground in the open, with a hand-light. The cuttings are called pipings, and it is only necessary to remove the two lower leaves, cut just under a joint, and dibble them into boxes.

#### NEW ZEALAND SPINACH IN HOT SUMMERS.

The ordinary varieties of Spinach are so successful when the seeds are sown in the earlier part of the year, that few vegetables give a quicker return; but with great heat or drought later on the supplies are irregular. Even when every attention is given to the plant in the way of moisture and a cool north border, there is an uncertain crop. The heat is answerable for many failures.

The New Zealand Spinach is a good substitute for the ordinary varieties. It is quite at home in the hottest summers if it receives sufficient moisture to assist growth. Its thick ice-plant-like foliage being impervious to climatic changes, it grows freely, and it will give a supply from June until cut down by frost if seed are sown in small pots under glass in April, and the seedlings planted out in May in richly-manured land, and where moisture when given does not run away too freely. The New Zealand Spinach is far better in quality than the Spinach Beet, and though needing a little care to raise under glass at the start, the grower is well repaid by the crop and its long-growing season.

#### TWO INTERESTING PLANTS—LINDELLOFIA SPECTABILIS AND DELPHINIUM MRS. JAMES HELME.

A flower gardener who knows plants well writes of these two interesting things as follows: "*Lindelofia spectabilis*, a rather showy Boragewort, was first introduced from the Himalayas so long ago as 1839, and is seldom met with in private gardens. I was pleased to see it lately in the pretty garden of Captain Stewart, of Shambellie, New Abbey, N.B. It is a new plant to the good collection of hardy border flowers in that garden, and it will give a welcome change from the other flowers of similar colour blooming at the same season. The flowers are described as purple and red, but the purple is not of that aggressive tone which is so obnoxious to some. This plant blooms from May to August in suitable places, and its long duration is a merit which we cannot afford to despise. Its height—about 1½ ft.—is not excessive, and will allow of it finding its way into even a small garden.

The flowers are produced in racemes. It has been figured under the name of *Cynoglossum longiflorum*." Of *Delphinium* Mrs. James Helme our correspondent writes: "One is always pleased to observe that one's favourite flowers are appreciated by others, and I have been a good deal gratified to find that all who have visited my garden during its blooming time have been loud in their admiration of *Delphinium* Mrs. James Helme. One is not disposed to attach much importance to the comments of those who do not know flowers intimately, although they may serve a good purpose as well, but those who do know them appreciated my plant of this Larkspur highly. It has been very handsome. I counted its spikes to-day, and found that there are forty-eight, and these have all the greater effect from being grown in a natural way, and not bunched close together and tied to a stake. Thus they have shown off to perfection; the long, graceful stems so closely set with flowers as to be pyramidal spikes of pale blue, relieved with the white eye of the centre. There are others in the garden which give finer individual spikes, but none is more admired or more beautiful."

#### THE VARIETIES OF CAMPANULA PERSICIFOLIA.

There are few nobler border plants in flower at this moment than *C. persicifolia*, the Peach-leaved Bell-flower, and its varieties. A prominent

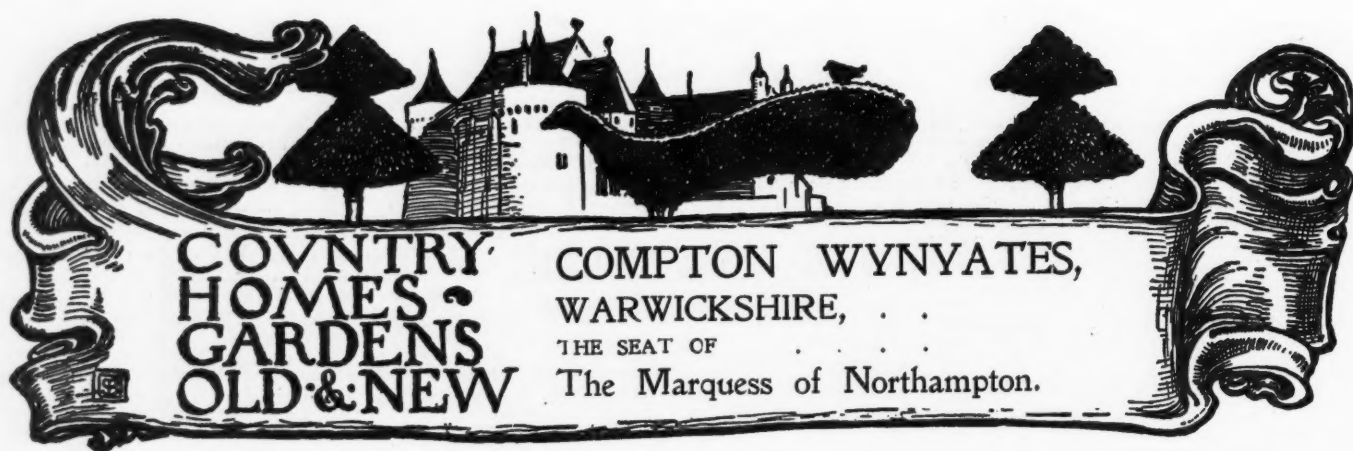
place must be given to *alba grandiflora*, a tall graceful plant, with large bell flowers of purest white. It is the kind of *Campanula* to get a mass of, or to grow amongst the Larkspurs of moderate strength. If the clear sky-blue *Delphinium Belladonna* can be associated, we have a good colour picture. We care little for varieties called Giant. After a certain size the flowers become coarse and rough. For this reason we are never enthusiastic about *alba coronata*. There are blue and white forms of *C. persicifolia*, and the time to divide for an increase of stock is after flowering.

#### SHIRLEY POPPIES.

It is interesting to know that the first-class certificate of the Royal Horticultural Society was recently given to the Shirley Poppies of the Rev. W. Wilks. Shirley Poppies seem quite old garden flowers, but, still, any award given to them directs attention to their many virtues. Mr. Wilks has given to the world an exquisite race of flowers, but they must be kept true by constant weeding out of inferior colours. As the raiser says: "Shirley Poppies (1) are single, (2) always have a white base, with (3) yellow or white stamens, anthers, or pollen, and (4) never have the smallest particle of black about them. Double Poppies and Poppies with black centres may be greatly admired, but they are not Shirley Poppies." This is well to remember.



Miss Alice Hughes. MASTER ANTHONY, SON OF LADY EDEN. 52, Gower St.



**W**ITHIN four or five miles of the position where the King established himself on the eventful day of the battle of Edgehill, and below the slopes of the range of hills, stands one of the most beautiful Tudor houses in England. Warwickshire is very rich in castles and houses of a former time, but it has nothing to surpass this admirable quadrangular house of the Marquess of Northampton. We could not wish for a better presentment of the domestic life of our Tudor ancestors than is found in that wondrous structure, with its towers, embattlements,

and mullioned and enriched windows. England is fortunate, indeed, that it still possesses such places, and Compton Wynyates is doubly fortunate in that it is prized and treasured by its noble owner and maintained in as high a state as ever it knew of yore. The moat, indeed, which was its outer guard, has gone in part, and now the visitor no longer tarries to parley with the watchman on the gatehouse tower. The spyhole is there, through which he looked out to learn who the stranger might be, and the twisting stairway by which he ascended to take a larger survey. The oaken door is there also, bearing yet in

its seams marks of the impotent fury of some who endeavoured to make turbulent entry that way.

Originally the house was larger than it is now, and some evidences of its former extent still remain. Its buildings surround a quadrangle 75 ft. square. Over the arch of the entrance, as may be seen in our picture, are the arms of Henry VIII., with the griffin and greyhound for supporters, and the royal crown above, and in the pandril of the arch on the left are the Castle of Castile, the pomegranate of Granada, and the sheaf of arrows, which stand there for Catherine of Aragon, while on the other side the portcullis badge of Henry is plainly seen. The external front is very beautiful, with its old brickwork clustered with climbing flowers, and the sundial above; but for the picturesqueness of the structure externally our pictures are sufficient warrant.

Entering the court, there is seen the great bay which lights the hall, a customary feature in all the better houses of the time. The walls are vested with ivy, roses, clematis, and the fiery thorn, and there are old fuchsia trees along the pathways. In the south wall a door leads into the chapel, of which the noble mullioned window is a conspicuous feature externally. Close by, in the angle between the chapel and the hall, is the great parlour panelled with oak, and having a plaster ceiling bearing the arms of Compton and Spencer, erected in the reign of Elizabeth by William Compton, first Earl of Northampton. Compton Wynyates had been built by an earlier Sir William Compton, who gained distinction at the Battle of the Spurs, where he was knighted for his bravery. In the great hall of his house he welcomed Henry VIII., with







GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—COMPTON WYNYATES: THE MOAT AND PARK.

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THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

whom he had been at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This notable chamber has an open timber roof, a minstrels' gallery, and a finely carved screen, which separates it from the lobby and staircase and the kitchens beyond. The chapel, to which we have referred, is also very beautiful, and possesses some most curious carvings, including the Seven Deadly Sins represented as knights

in armour, each with an imp behind to urge him forward. The drawing-room on the south side is a fine apartment wainscoted with oak, and having a good plaster ceiling put up by the first Earl of Northampton, to whom much of the beauty of the house was due.

There is a romantic story connected with the Earl's marriage. A



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THE PERGOLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



certain rich Alderman Spencer, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1594, had a beautiful daughter, whom he looked upon as the apple of his eye. With sturdy civic character, the alderman did not look with a kindly eye upon the gallant young courtier, Lord Compton, who aspired to the lady's hand. Indeed, so little did he approve the youthful swain, that he forbade him to enter his house at Canonbury. But as Love laughs loud at locksmiths, so did Lord Compton laugh at the alderman. By an astute device and ingenious stratagem, he came to the house disguised as a baker, with many loaves in a huge basket, as those who saw it believed. Returning, he encountered the alderman, who commended his enterprise and gave him sixpence, telling him he was on the way to make his fortune, which, indeed, appeared to be true, for, greatly to the civic anger, it was discovered that he had carried away the lady concealed in his basket.

The fury of the alderman was not to be appeased, and even Elizabeth exercised her offices in vain; but at length, at her request, he consented to be the godfather to an infant, in whom Her Majesty had some interest, and who proved, as he presently learned, to be his own grandson. Then it would appear that a reconciliation was brought about, and the handsome carving and panelling over the mantelpiece in the drawing-room at Compton Wynyates were brought from the



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THE SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Canonbury house, and the arms of Compton and Spencer are displayed in many parts of the structure.

It would be a pleasure to describe the many splendid chambers of this historic house. There is, for example, the bed-chamber of Henry VIII., with the Tudor rose and the devices of Catherine of Aragon in the glass. The council chamber, the priest's room, and the long quarters over the drawing-room,



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THE OLD GATEWAY.

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FROM THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

known as the "Barracks," are extremely interesting. Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. all visited Compton Wynyates, and the room in which Charles slept is still shown, with a spiral staircase by which either the moat or the upper part of the house could be reached. Again, the secret hiding-places and recesses for men who sought safety in troublous times would attract the curious. The place was captured for the Parliament after the three days' siege in June, 1644, when the Earl of Northampton's brother, with a dozen officers and 120 men with horses and guns, was seized. Sir Charles and Sir William Compton made an effort to recover it in the next January, and gained a footing at night in the stables, but they were repulsed with loss, and the third Earl retained the estate only by paying a heavy composition. The "Barracks" preserve by their name the memory of the troublous times when soldiers were quartered in the house.

We have said enough to show how very great are the interests that surround the picturesque house of the Marquess of Northampton, and our illustrations will convey an idea of its structural beauties in stone, brick, and wood, and of the charming manner in which its walls are vested with flowering growths, these adding their sweeter charms, without disguising the details of the admirable structure. It may be interesting to note that the mansion possesses eighty rooms, with seventeen distinct flights of stairs, and 275 glazed windows. There is in the grounds a relic of the old times in a quaint brick dovecote. A stone path, of which some portions may still be seen, led down from the house to the lower end of the pool, where the mill stood, an ice-house now occupying the site, and the water from the moat descended into two stew-ponds, and then to the mill pool.

The gardens have been greatly beautified, and are maintained with a richness which many possessors of fine gardens might envy. Excellent green turf occupies in large part the place where the moat once extended, and all about are spread great borders and masses of those tall-growing hardy flowers which are the glory of gardens from the first days of spring until the winds of autumn have blown. The effect of these splendid glowing flowers is superb, and nothing could excel the extreme beauty of the picture presented by their radiance, contrasted with the dark hue of the brick and stone of the old house and with the dense and luxuriant foliage of the trees that rise in the background. There is little here that is formal in arrangement, but a few hedges and solemn yews serve to unite the character of the old garden and the new. The circular grass plat with the sundial, neighboured again by these hardy perennials, is a centre of interest in the place. The square garden walk is extremely beautiful, and whichever way we look the glorious extent of the park reaching



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THE QUADRANGLE.

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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—COMPTON WYNYATES: THE SOUTH FRONT.

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WHERE THE BEES THRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the tops of the hills fills the mind with satisfaction. That part of the moat which remains reflects, indeed, scenes that would be hard to beat, but which the imagination of those who see our pictures will readily conceive. There is the beautiful feature of a pergola to give shade in the heat of the afternoon.

In short, whether we regard Compton Wynyates from the point of view of the architect seeking that which is beautiful in brick and stone, or the lover of natural beauty looking for the charms of a superb English landscape, or of one who finds his joy in the ravishing sweetness of a lovely garden, we recognise that Compton Wynyates deserves to rank very high among the glorious old houses of England.

"Compton Pike" stands above it on the hill, placed

there in earlier times, as a guide to those who sought the house which is below in the hollow.

### THE COMING GROUSE. SEASON AND THE PUMP GUN.

TWO of the Scotch daily papers, which at this season of the year dabble a little in sporting news, have lately committed themselves to the opinion that there will be more dogs used in Scotland this year than has been the case for a long time. That is likely enough to be true, but it is, all the same, rather difficult to discover how the Scotch papers can find that out in any manner that is not equally open to those English sporting papers which do not profess to know. Probably, if the truth were known, it would be discovered that these reports are merely the localised versions of the English reports of Aldridge's sales of sporting dogs. In London we have three means of discovering the intentions of shooters and the grouse prospects which the Scotch papers have not. In the first place, all the official information about moors let and to let is to be got within a stone's throw of Pall Mall. Then we have, besides the dog sales, the powder-makers, whose orders fluctuate with the seasons, to inform us. But it is not until the Autumn Field Trials are over that information about the state of the grouse becomes general and trustworthy. Last year Sir Watkin Wynn's Bala moors gave hospitality to the International Kennel Club. This year they have had no field trials, and it is the Gun-dog League which promotes those at Bala. I do not think this is to be regretted, for although there is no doubt that field trials are very useful indeed in educating game-keepers as to what a really good dog, and a well-broken one, should be, there already seem to be quite as many as there is any necessity for. The curious part of the business is that field trials are nearly always held in England, where pointers and setters are not much used, whereas if they took place in Scotland there is no doubt the Scotch game-keepers would



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THE SQUARE GARDEN WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—THE MOAT GARDEN AT COMPTON IWYNYATES.

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soon smarten up both their breaking and their dogs. In order to find out the very latest information from the moors, I have of late been regularly attending Aldridge's sales, and there one does meet people who have actually risked the extermination of a few cheepers in order to discover how their dogs "shape" on grouse. I have just had a chat with Mr. A. G. Butter, whose pointers are going into Wales for the grouse trials, and therefore have had to be run on junior grouse, which the young dogs had never seen before. I hear that this applies to the puppy pointer which made such an excellent fight of it for the championship at Shrewsbury in the spring. But the point of my story is that in Perthshire grouse were never so plentiful before, and sportsmen who sample the moors of the champion grouse country are likely this year to have a record. But I also hear that in Aberdeenshire, Banff, and Caithness there is disease. What exactly that may mean, I am afraid we shall not know until August 12th. No body ever does know the exact truth about reports of grouse disease until then. However, I have noticed for years past that where there is smoke there is fire, and that this is particularly applicable to grouse disease, for I have on several occasions known mere rumour of "slight disease in places" to be followed by wholesale destruction before the shooting season. On other occasions I have gone to Scotland in August, having seen nothing but excellent reports in the papers, and found *no birds*. It is almost impossible to understand how fairs are smothered when disease sweeps a district of its birds. The only explanation I can offer is that the keepers themselves do not know. I believe that is true; they cannot help knowing that the grouse might have done better, but when there is a partial sweep by reason of disease, and they find a few dead birds



IN THE QUADRANGLE AT COMPTON WINYATES.

about, they are apt to put it down to other causes. For instance, one season when I was in Caithness, after a supposed quite healthy breeding season, we were told that there had been no disease, but that the rains had killed all the young birds! I believe that the keepers honestly thought this was so; but it was strange that there were whitened skeletons of old birds to be found occasionally about the moors, and this is not the case when there has been no disease. The doubt now is whether the disease will spread. It does so sometimes with fearful rapidity, and if it is *the* disease, it is sure to spread sooner or later; but I am not a believer in the article "the" as applied to the diseases of grouse any more than I am as applied to the human or the canine or any other of God's creatures except the vermin; and even foxes have contracted mange, as the result, possibly, of high preservation of the species.

On June 10th there was 6 in. of snow on Ben Nevis, and yet the young grouse must then have been hatched some fourteen or twenty days. The snow lasted on the ground several days, and yet from the bordering county there are glorious reports; so that it is fair to assume the snow did not do much harm on the lower moors, and probably not on the higher ones either.

The sales of dogs have been particularly good this season; that of July 12th was almost exclusively devoted to retrievers, for which there has never been a more brisk demand. But people will have good-looking ones, and the best of characters for work are apparently so much lost energy spent on the catalogue unless the appearance of the dogs is about good enough for a dog show. Still, although there are now more retrievers offered than pointers and setters (very different from what used to be the case), the pointers and setters

always sell well when they have got characters from known sportsmen. At the sale of the 1st Duke of Gordon in 1837 or 1838, there were eleven of his celebrated setters offered for sale, and they made an average of about 38 guineas each, the top price being 72 guineas. This has always been regarded as the period when pointers and setters were most in request; but, judging from the prices made by mere drafts now, the dispersal of a kennel as famous as that of the Duke of Gordon would make fabulous prices. At the sale of Captain Heywood Lonsdale's drafts on June 28th, we saw seven and a nine year old dogs running up to between 30 guineas and 40 guineas, which is practically paying that sum for one or two seasons' not very brilliant work, for a dog is always past his prime at six years old. There were also spring broken puppies that ran into the same high figures from the kennel of Colonel Cotes; and on July 5th, Mr. Herbert Mitchell sent up a lot which sold exceedingly well, the owner in this case helping his dogs off not only by clever catalogue descriptions of their working powers, but also by his own photographs of the dogs on point. This is not an absolute guarantee either of breaking or of "nose," of course; but the vitality of some of these photographs gave the idea of "business," which was not to be gathered from the limp animals sweltering under the glass roof of Aldridge's carriage-house, where they had been confined for a day and a-half in tropical weather before being offered for sale.

There have been several record-breaking prices paid at these sales this year; but always for retrievers. It is interesting to contrast the position of retrievers at auctions now and thirty years ago, before Aldridge's had started their annual sales. I was at the sale by Tattersall's of Mr. Garth's dogs, when that gentleman went out to Calcutta to put on the wig of the Chief Justice of that town (that is, if judges wear wigs in that hot climate), and then the best pointer in the sale went up to 150 guineas, and fell to Mr. Lloyd Price of Rhylwas, North Wales. This was the champion field-trial winner Drake, a dog who has never been improved upon in the estimation of any of those who saw him and who have followed field trials ever since. At the same sale the best retriever was a bitch, equally good to look at as those sold for 70 guineas and 91 guineas during the past month, and she fell to me for about 9 guineas or 11 guineas—I forget the exact amount. She was as good as any in the country at that time, a winner at shows, too, and when shows did not suggest an absence of working qualities; and, moreover, she was the dam of at least one dog for whom 100 guineas was paid to me a few years later. But this was for work, not for show. The only 100 guineas that has ever been made at auction for a retriever was in 1898, when a puppy, now Champion Wimpole Peter, made that figure at Cruft's Dog Show. This dog, by the way, was sire of a good many of Mr. G. R. Davies's dogs, which broke the record for a retriever sold at Aldridge's on June 28th, when Mr. Warwick gave 70 guineas for one, and they averaged between 30 guineas and 40 guineas for all the nine; or very nearly the Duke of Gordon's average for his setters. But on July 5th, Sir J. Stirling-Maxwell ran up one of his neighbour's dogs in Lanarkshire to 91 guineas; so that Mr. Stirling-Stuart holds the record for a retriever at Aldridge's. But this does not come near the highest price paid for the pointing dogs at these sales. About twenty-five years ago Mr. John Armstrong, who, I see, had dogs at Aldridge's again on July 12th this year, sent up for sale a dog called Dash II., which had just won at the National Trials at Shrewsbury. There was a very spirited competition for him, and he fell to the late Mr. George Brewis's bid of 156 guineas. Although the highest-priced sporting dog which has passed through this auction yard, he was probably the cheapest; for he very soon won some hundreds in stakes for Mr. Brewis, who then passed him on at 100 per cent. profit, but this was by private treaty and not by auction. But these individual prices do not tell much. I have myself seen an offer of £800 made for a single setter, and twice as much asked for him, and that did not show that the use of dogs was increasing. But now there is a very healthy demand indeed, and none which are at all presentable in looks and character fail to sell at fair prices. I have not the old catalogues by me, and cannot therefore compare accurately, but I believe that no draft sale has ever made better prices all through than that of July 5th. This shows that whatever the papers may say, gunning for itself alone is not the ideal of the majority, and I think it may still be said that dogs are used wherever dogs can be used. Of course this is not everywhere in Scotland, and it is almost nowhere in England for grouse, but they still use dogs in Wales for both partridge and grouse, and they have not all become mere pumpers of lead.

I saw a few weeks ago a very interesting trial between the American pump gun and the three-barrelled single trigger of Boss and Co. The trial was to test which could shoot the quicker and the more accurately, and although one of America's champion pumpers, Mr. J. Elliott, was handling the pump to its best advantage, he could do better with the three-barrelled gun, as could also everyone else who tried the two. We have heard some story of the pump coming into use for pheasants and driven grouse, but I can say, after this exhibition, that such a time will only arrive when pump guns are made automatic loaders.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## MAN AS THE . . . TRUSTEE OF NATURE.

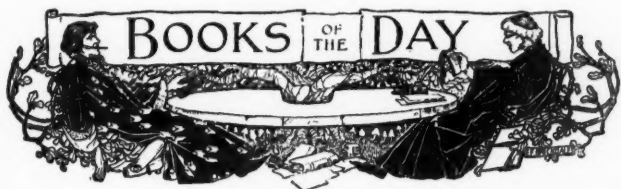
A NEW tax and the financial operations of foreign Governments have between them renewed our apprehensions of a coal famine, and man is once more on his defence before the philosophers as the heir who, holding the life interest only in a fine property, has not administered the trust in the best interests of posterity. Surely, however, there are many little items to his credit, if they were not, unfortunately, in almost every instance counterbalanced by corresponding follies. Who, for instance, contrasting the miserable wild strawberry with the Joseph Paxton, or the harsh-haired moufflon with the soft-fleeced merino, would ever have credited the author of these miracles with the extermination of so fine a beast as the bison? Who would believe that the same intellect had bred the Arab race-horse and lost the art of taming the African elephant? That the human race has fought an uphill struggle is not to be denied; the pity is only that it should so often have seen in Nature an enemy instead of an ally. Nature is, it is true, not seldom against man; she is



against him in the flood and drought, in the volcano and avalanche, in the cobra and the crocodile. Yet his policy has savoured too much of "Thorough," and in his determined labours, clearing virgin forest and mining in the bowels of the earth, damming rivers and severing continents, killing, breeding, and acclimatising every kind of beast and bird, he has too often overlooked the fact that Nature, though a staunch friend, may be a troublesome enemy.

At some undetermined period of his existence the earth must have been marvellously adapted to his requirements. For ages he was not cramped for space, and, as soon as his early homes showed signs of overcrowding, he developed migratory instincts and enlarged his range. Mighty prehistoric creatures that threatened his safety during the early days of his tenure were first reduced by climatic changes, and, finally, exterminated by his crude beginnings of weapons of precision. Posterity would never blame a barbarian ancestor for having eliminated those unwholesome monsters from the face of the earth, for a progressive humanity finds them most interesting as restorations in the palæontological museum. Even to-day, long after Nature has swept the largest of her children from a home no longer capable of accommodating them, we are still waging a war of repression against a horde of animal foes all the more terrible because of small size. Yet man has, without a doubt, exceeded the terms of his mandate in many ways. He is a wasteful animal. The deforestation of vast tracts of country may be viewed from more than one standpoint. Riding, for instance, over 150 miles of Moorish plains in the unceasing scorch of the sun, without encountering any vegetable higher than a dwarfed palmetto, beneath the parched leaves of which no more than a mosquito could find shelter, I have had ample leisure to curse alike the Moor and his goats and camels. On the other hand, I have enjoyed rough-and-ready hospitality in too many Australian bush hamlets not to appreciate the clearing of the jungle that banished malaria and drove the death-adder and centipede further from the haunts of man. On the whole, the cutting down of forests has been done too abruptly all the world over. Nature is less brutal in her methods. Beavers may fell the trees, squirrels may dwarf them, birds may nip their buds and ants devour their leaves, yet the feeble children of the forest can never under purely natural conditions set a term to its endurance. In far shorter time the camels and goats domesticated by man will denude a region of its woodlands that took centuries in the growing. More disastrous still is the effect of goats browsing too freely on the hills, for, with the destruction of the useful small plants that held the soil together, down come the unchecked torrents and avalanches, bringing destruction to the devoted cities of the plain. What the goat has spared in the region of the Atlas range the Moor has been careful to destroy, and I have ridden for two days in the vicinity of Amsmiz along a track marked at every few yards by the remains of some grand tree cut down in its prime. Improvident cutting down of timber has never been confined to the simple Arab, for all European nations have vied in the greed and waste of their forestry. The jungle has had no use beyond its timber, for we do not eat the animals that frequent it, the monkeys, squirrels, parrots, or humming-birds. With modern machinery one generation might destroy the forests of the world, but not all the machinery would enable twenty generations to restore them.

F. G. AFLALO.



**D**R. JESSOP has found a subject after his own heart in "Before the Great Pillage" (Unwin). It is a series of very interesting papers, of which the principal deals with the rise and development of the parish and its sources of revenue in ancient rural England. The history of how the churches were built, which Dr. Jessop says we erroneously ascribe to the monks or wealthy landowners, is most remarkable. It was the mediæval parishioners who, with great sacrifices, built the churches and kept them in repair, as is proved in the bishop's registers:

"And thus it came to pass that all that was joyous and gay in their lives, all that was beautiful and ennobling, all that was happy in their recollections, all that was best in what they imagined, all that was elevating in their dreams and their hopes and their aspirations—all came to them from the influence which their churches exercised upon them. The dreary round of toil, from which they could not escape; the staggering behind the bullocks that dragged the plough through the furrows; the hovels in which they huddled—such hovels as you may see to-day in the clachans of the Highlands; the coarse food, that at best brought them satiety without satisfaction; the enforced labour; the aimless, purposeless monotony—

'The long mechanic paces to and fro,  
'The set grey life and apathetic end';

what charm, what hope, what incentive to honourable ambition could all this afford?

"All the tendency of the feudal system, working through the machinery of the manorial courts, was to keep the people down. All the tendency of the parochial system, working through the parish council, holding its assemblies in the churches, was to lift the people up. In these assemblies there was no distinction between lord and vassal, high and low, rich and poor; in them the people learnt the worth of being free. Here were the schools in which in the slow course of centuries they were disciplined to self-help, self-reliance, and self-respect—virtues which, it may be, are slowly learnt, but whereby alone a nation acquires a true conception of what liberty means."

It was thus the churches and their holy day observances which have transmitted so much to us, by helping to bind social life. Reaping of how they worked for them, and in consequence loved them, we see that later generations have been deprived of a great center of country communities and an incentive to art and devotion, invaluable in purifying and raising rural places. "The evidence is abundant and positive, and is increasing upon us year by year, that the work done upon the fabrics of our churches, and the other work done in the beautifying of the interior of our churches, such as the wood carving of our screens, the painting of the lovely figures in the panels of those screens, the embroidery of the banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the engraving of the monumental brasses, the stained glass in the windows, and all that vast aggregate of artistic achievements which existed in immense profusion in our village churches, till the frightful spoliation of those churches in the sixteenth century stripped them bare—all this was executed by local craftsmen. We have actual contracts for church building and church repairing undertaken by village contractors. We have the cost of a rod-screen paid to a village carpenter, of painting executed by local artists. We find the names of artificers, described as aurifer, or worker in gold and silver, living in a parish which could never have had 500 inhabitants. We find the people in another place casting a new bell, and making the mould for it themselves. We find the blacksmith of another place forging the ironwork for the church door; or we get a payment entered for the carving of the bench ends in a little church 500 years ago, which bench ends are to be seen in that church at the present moment."

All this wonderful art and cultivation, which seems hardly possible in those comparatively remote times, and incomprehensible to the ignorant villager of later times, came to an end by what Dr. Jessop calls the great pillage. This was the horrible and impious looting of the treasures and property of the parish churches, which took place in the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign and in the mercifully brief reign of Edward VI. The prosperity of the parishes declined, and poverty and indifference overtook them. "Nothing was left to the parish community but the bare walls of the church fabric, stripped of everything of beauty on which the eyes had delighted to rest. No church was allowed to retain more than a single bell. The beautiful art of campanology almost died out. The organs were sold for the price of the pipes; the old music, the old melodies, were hushed; praising God in an unknown tongue was prohibited. The old gatherings in the guildhalls came to an end." Dr. Jessop follows this paper with an account of the village priest from Anglo-Saxon times, and one on the disestablishment, called "Robbing God."

In "The Cry of the Villages," the reasons of the rural depopulation are studied and various remedies specified. "We have ourselves to blame in great measure for this. The root of the evil may be traced very far back, and this is not the time to dwell upon it; but the reason of our best men going from us is not far to seek. It lies in this—that all agricultural labourers are supposed to have a right to receive the same wage, whatever the quality and character of their work may be, till it has become an axiom that the worst man should get the same pay as the best, and the best has no such career before him as the consciousness of superiority over his fellows convinces him he has a right to look forward to. A lad of seventeen or eighteen may have learnt the trick of hanging on to a plough after a fashion; he can hoe; he can dig; he can load a cart with manure; but he is afraid of a horse (not at all an uncommon failing), and he's not much to be trusted with the cows. Nevertheless, he claims a man's wages and he gets them."

On the vexed subject of educating and improving our workers on the land, Dr. Jessop says that the artisan in the town has a chance to continue his education after schooldays, but that the countryman is doomed to stagnation, and prevented from widening his mental outlook. There are not even the old village sports and merry-makings—surely education need not have swept them away!—and the girls have almost completely deserted their country homes for the fascination of town service, and they do not care to marry back into the scanty and sometimes wretched accommodation they were brought up in. He deplors that the poor in town have so much done to ameliorate their condition, but that the unhappy countryman has no philanthropist—Dr. Jessop offers him the chance—to build him halls where he may get amusement or instruction in his numberless unoccupied hours, in which a brooding discontent is fostered.

One might suggest that it is not courses of educating lectures—which it is often found are but little appreciated—or concerts that will solve the problem. What perhaps is needed most of all is the development at school of feeling and intelligence in regard to the interests of Nature, especially connected with their destined lives, and this must always remain a superior means of training over any of the artificial diversions necessary in the towns. In the war our defective eyesight has been dwelt upon, compared with the keenness of that of our enemies. What are all the benefits of our reading-rooms and the increased comforts of our homes when we pay so dearly with failing eyesight and nervous unfit conditions? Nothing can be done for the children in the towns. They must bequeath the heritage of those doomed to hot classrooms and heads muddled with general information.

Our country schoolmasters complain that to satisfy the inspectors the children are overworked—witness the hours, 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.; with home lessons—and that thoroughness is never obtained in any subject. Perhaps we may except arithmetic; but the children are crammed with an extraordinary amount of unnecessary details and smatterings on every conceivable subject, which does absolutely nothing towards the growth of the brain, and, what is still worse, the growth of character, which our system actually tends to enfeeble. This is more lamentably seen in the country, where character, in the sense of natural wit, one might hope would continue, though lost for ever in the modern town, and whose old thorough schools bred so many of our strongest men. Now their brains are strained in this foolish affectation of knowledge, and less physical robustness will follow.

The curriculum should be reduced, and in place of its absurdities there should be introduced a certain amount of subjects relating to agriculture and natural history. These should be accompanied by practical lessons, and the

child's eye trained to observe every aspect of the country and the forms of life which inhabit fields and woods, streams and hills. Interest would be awakened and a love might follow that would bind the child to his country home and the simple content of its life.

There dies a poet in every man, but in children trained in the school which forms every poet one might hope to keep alive those first pure instincts which our wrong application of civilisation is so apt to kill. Those whose feelings could never lie in this direction have access through books, now so easily obtained, to sciences and histories of men, which, if they are contemplative, would make the fieldwork a happiness, or would, in the natural course of development, send them into the activities of the outer world. To-day they go in the discontented fever of half-nourished brains, not knowing what they want, and with no solidity from education or stability from religion to guide them. The latter is no longer to them a vital restraining or uplifting power. A great deal more interest might be created through the encouragement of various games and promoting matches and sports, and the suggestion to form village rifle clubs should be carried out.

"The Grip of the Bookmaker" (Hutchinson), by Mr. Percy White, is a thoughtful illustration of the fact that a man's past is seldom left quite behind him. His real character is demonstrated by his deeds; in a sense, also, he is the offspring of his own acts. If these are noble and beneficent, his character is ennobled; if base and furtive, an evil deposit, as of a foul slime, obscures his moral vision and makes his after-steps slippery and uncertain. He may "cleanse his ways" if he possesses the germ of heroism or enthusiasm, but the ordinary man "who is a sinner" remains one, dragged down by the three-fold chains of evil associations, base tastes, and vicious habits. Alf Harris, bookmaker, blackleg, and drunkard, found his past bad to bury, even although he dropped his name upon it into the grave he had dug for it, and faced the world blandly as Mortimer Gordon, jingling pocketfuls of gold, and subscribing to pious charities in the most respectable manner. Yet he found it impossible to escape from the iron "grip of the bookmaker" which held him remorselessly to his miserable end. With pathetic pride and ambition he preserved the secret of his career from his son, and gave him the education of a gentleman. The lad was a good lad, and became distinguished enough to make any father be forgotten, but the shadow of Alf Harris lay across the young man's path at every step, and Philip was fully conscious of the family skeleton, although he had been carefully reared in ignorance of details. "You must be Alf Harris's boy, young 'un?" was the greeting of a rough stranger to the lad, and when he ventured to question his father, the grim parent answered, "There aint no such man now as Alf Harris. Never you let me hear you say it again. Alf Harris is dead and buried. Don't you try to dig him up, d'yer hear?" "Yes," answered the boy; "I hear." But he remembered, and grew up with many misgivings. "I would thou hadst told me of another father" seemed the aspiration of all his acquaintance. How he lived this ignominy down, and banished this sinister *revenant*, you must read the book to see. It is a strong book, realistic and yet wholesome; and Mr. White's grasp and handling of character is admirable, while his dialogue is sparkling and witty. The "Ladies' Tea Club" is graphically sketched; Constance Madryn and Sybil Stewart are two very charming women of distinct characters and tastes; the

Bookmaker, grim old villain as he is, is a wonderfully interesting study; and the hero, Philip, is a hero in our unobtrusive modern way, with the strength that stays, and a quiet chivalry that is not very common nowadays.

## THE CHAMPION . . . . POLO TEAM.

WHEN the Rugby team won the Champion Cup at Hurlingham we knew they were good. Had they not



W. A. Rouch. WINNERS OF THE HURLINGHAM CHAMPION CUP.

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defeated the holders of the cup, the famous Old Cantab team, of which Mr. Buckmaster is captain? Yet we did not realise the strength of their play until, without the help of their best man, Mr. E. D. Miller, they beat the Old Cantabs again a few weeks later in the final match for the Ranelagh Open Cup. Thus Rugby had established their superiority both on the Hurlingham and the Ranelagh grounds, and their claim to be the champion polo team of the season. Some polo players think that Rugby are the best team we have seen for some years. They are certainly the most finished players, for every man is playing exactly in his right place. Each one of the four, moreover, rides perfectly-trained ponies, and animals which suit him. No doubt, too, each member of the team has spent some time in choosing suitable sticks. All lovers of the game of polo know that nothing makes more difference to one's play than the loss of a

favourite stick which is just the right length, not too whippy, yet not over-stiff, and rightly balanced. When such a stick has been found it generally breaks, for polo sticks are short lived; the blow of the head on the ball jars them to pieces very quickly, and the player, unless he has taken pains to provide himself with several equally suitable, is liable to be off his stroke for a time after such a misfortune. To have sticks ready to the hand it is needful to take some trouble and to try many canes. In these and other matters of detail the Rugby team will never be found wanting. Nothing is neglected that may help them to win the game. In the photographs which illustrate this article the players are shown on favourite ponies. Incidentally the choice of the ponies tells us what our best players value most in a polo pony. On the left is Mr. George Miller on Nipcat, a pony marvellously handy and very quick on its legs. This pony has always been in good hands, having belonged to Mr. George Miller, then to Captain Renton, again to Mr. George Miller, and now to Mr. W. J. Jones. This is a small pony as ponies go nowadays, but none the worse for that. There is a growing feeling among polo players that ponies well under 14h. 2in.



W. A. Rouch.

MR. C. D. MILLER SAVING A GOAL.

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are to be preferred. It seems that over 14h. in. what is gained in size and weight, and possibly in speed, is lost in handiness and sharpness. The next player is Lord Shrewsbury on Conceit, a very fast blood pony. Then comes Mr. Walter Jones on Attack, and lastly Mr. E. D. Miller on Santa Romona, a dun American pony which makes up in handiness and the rapidity with which it springs into its stride for the fact that it is not an animal of unusual speed. The Rugby team are lucky in having good ponies, if, indeed, the possession of a stable which has cost so much money, and on which so much thought has been expended, can be called luck. At all events, the command of the money, and an endowment by nature with judgment and the opportunity for cultivating it, may be regarded as good fortune.

Rugby have found, at the critical moment, a first-rate No. 1 and No. 4, which are not easy places to fill in a polo team. As a No. 1, Mr. Jones has two valuable qualities. First that of readiness to hear the appeal of his No. 4 to leave the ball and to dart on and ride off the opposing No. 4; next that of always being in his place at the end of a run. Thus he is at hand to make that final stroke at the ball which is so often impossible at the close of a run for a hard-pressed No. 2 in a fast game. In modern polo, the No. 4 is of the greatest importance. The continual object of the unwelcome attentions of No. 1, he must be quick to evade him. He must never be too far from the game to hit the ball forward to his own side, never too much up into the mêlée, or he will not be able to reach the ball in time for a back-hander. That the No. 4 should be able to hit good long shots forward or backward is a necessity of modern polo, and undoubtedly enables the No. 4 to keep well back.



W. A. Rouch. LORD SHREWSBURY UP.

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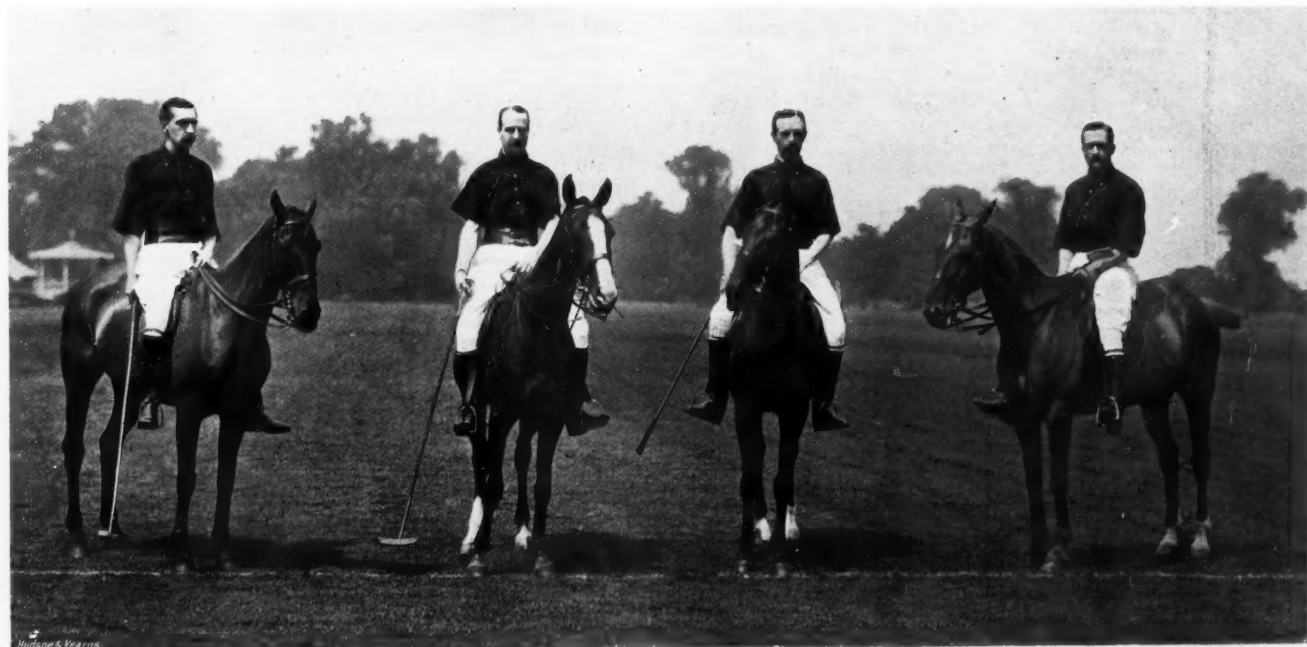
Schools Cup, and won that trophy. It is not to the interest of polo that one team should always win, but in these days there are so many good players that this is not likely. Indeed, we have an instance of this in the case of Lord Shrewsbury, who was chosen to fill Mr. E. D. Miller's place in the Ranelagh Open Cup final. To be suddenly asked to take a place in a match of such importance, and in a team with which he had not often played, was asking much; but Lord Shrewsbury was quite equal to the occasion. He has often played a fine game, but never a better one than for Rugby in the Open Cup.

Polo players all over the world will be glad to possess these historical records of the team which must be regarded as on the whole the best team in the present day. They are also noted for their fairness; but two fouls have been given against them in their great

matches this season. Such a record at the end of a season which has been by no means devoid of interest, is something of which they may well be proud.

## RACING NOTES.

THE Goodwood Meeting, about which there will be much to be said next week, divides the racing season into two distinct sections, and forms a convenient halting-place from which the past can be discussed and the future thought about. In the months preceding Goodwood, at any rate in the months of May, June, and July, Society, spelt with a large "S," takes a considerable interest in racing, and by so doing raises the tone of the sport above the level of pure business and commercial speculation; and it will be a bad day for England when business and racing



W. A. Rouch.

WINNERS OF THE RANELAGH OPEN CHALLENGE CUP.

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Mr. Charles Miller is effective in all these ways, and has been a source of untold strength to his side throughout the series of matches played in the Champion and Open Cup Tournaments.

The play of this team has been an object-lesson of the greatest value to all polo players. Nor are the great matches the only distinctions won by the Rugby team during the season. Two of the players whose portraits are given here, Mr. G. A. Miller and Mr. C. D. Miller, played in the winning four which represented the Old Boys of Marlborough in the Public

are as closely blended as they are in America, where in times past the control of the Turf, in many cases, fell into the hands of men who had no love of sport for sport's sake, but merely ran horses as a means of acquiring the almighty dollar, and who were by no means over-scrupulous as to how they attained their end. However, in this respect our cousins over the sea are improving; and now it is no disgrace for a man of position and integrity to own and run race-horses in America, as was at one time the case. Perhaps this may to some extent be due to the number of wealthy Americans who have of late years taken up racing in this country, for it has always been claimed that the English Turf is the purest in the world. In this case we flatter ourselves that they learned something as valuable as anything they taught us. True it is, and true it always

has been, that the majority of racegoers are not racing "for the good of their health," but among all the bookmakers, professional backers, trainers, and others who live by racing, there is always to be found a strong leaven of men who attend races from less sordid motives. They follow racing because it amuses, or because they are real lovers of the horse as an animal and not as an instrument of gambling, or because they have nothing else to do and the free, Bohemian atmosphere of a race-course happens to coincide with their temperaments, and for many other reasons which are not wholly commercial; and as long as a large percentage of people who go racing do not take their racing very seriously, the unctuous diatribes and lurid statements of the Anti-Gambling League will continue to be, as they are to-day, unimportant, uncalled for, and unsound. But with the end of the season the lighter element is withdrawn from racing, and until the St. Leger Society forgets that there is such a thing as a race-course and amuses itself elsewhere, leaving the paddock to those who are dependent on it for their livelihoods. Since the beginning of the season many statements made by wise and dogmatic people have proved to be, if not absolutely untrue, at any rate hardly scrupulously accurate as to existing facts. Lifting up their voices in lamentation before the Derby, sporting writers bewailed the badness of our three year olds, and poured the chilling water of contempt upon Volodyovski. But following the Derby came the Oaks, and with the Oaks arrived Cap and Bells II., and on the top of this Floriform showed a great improvement on his previous form, and Veronese proved himself no mean animal; so that, at the moment of writing, it would be imprudent to state that all our three year olds are bad, and distinctly stupid to assert that the winners of the Derby and Oaks are below the usual standard. But the first half of the season of 1901 has done one thing—it has shed such a light upon the races of 1902 as to banish the petulant carper from the scene altogether in this connection. As everybody knows, the Coronation will lend an added glory to the season of 1902, and fate has assisted to add to the glory of it by providing us with all the materials for one of the most sensational Derbys of the century. Among the English horses we have Lavengro, Duke of Westminster, and Sceptre, and Mr. Keene threatens us with his new £10,000 purchase, to say nothing of other horses who are certain to run; so that the intelligent foreigner, who will doubtless be with us in his thousands next year, will see something at Epsom the like of which he has not even heard of. And since it is impossible that all the owners should have these exceptional opportunities, some of them will have to be content with bitter disappointment for their lot; and, as is her constant habit, Fortune has chosen Sir Blundell Maple for her victim. In Royal Lance and one or two others Sir Blundell Maple possesses some useful two year olds, but they are so completely outclassed by many others, that it is impossible for them to appropriate any of the really rich stakes, which, in view of all that Sir Blundell Maple has done for the Turf, is a great pity.

Mr. Foxhall Keene has gone home, flushed with victory and full of schemes for the future, and his parting remark to an interviewer is just one of those unanswerable statements of opinion which some owners are so fond of distributing for public use. "I consider," he said, "that Cap and Bells II. is the best three year old of the year." Indeed, and indeed! This may or may not be true, but it cannot be said to be founded upon fact, at least not until that match between Volodyovski and Cap and Bells II. is run to which I referred a few weeks

ago, and that, I am afraid, is one of those races which will never come off, and Mr. Keene's boast must ever remain empty, unsatisfactory, and valueless.

If the Liverpool stewards did not hurl heavy thunderbolts at the disobedient jockeys on the day before the "Liverpool," they brought them to their senses pretty sharply when they suspended Aylin, Lane, McCall, Dalton, and McDermott, thereby seriously upsetting the arrangements for the Liverpool Cup, and earning for themselves the lasting hatred of many of the very sharp people who had chosen their horse in the Cup on the strength of the person who was about to ride him. I am by no means surprised at this little outburst of outraged authority, and the only marvel is that the season has progressed so quietly, when one remembers the terrible deeds which have been perpetrated right under the very noses of the stewards at more than one meeting, and the avenging clouds which were about ready to fall not very long ago. One of two things had to happen—either the authorities had to speak to some purpose, or else the offenders, choosing the path of prudence, had to radically alter the policy which they were pursuing. The second of these things has occurred, the Turf has been saved a great scandal, and the irrepressible gentlemen with warped notions of honour and the fitness of things have saved themselves from much unpleasantness and trouble, and it only remains to hope that reformation may prove as lasting as it was unpremeditated.

D. Maher continues to justify the remarks which I made about him not long ago, when I said that he was the finest horseman and the best-chained jockey that America has yet sent us, and nobody who saw the race for the Liverpool Cup will venture on a word of denial. His riding of Mount Prospect was magnificent, and with the true sporting spirit the spectators cheered until they were hoarse, although the success of the horse did not spell emolument to very many of them. At one point in the race, as some of my readers will remember, Mount Prospect seemed to die away altogether, and it was only the vigorous riding and superb judgment of his jockey that gave him the victory, thereby proving that all the American jockeys are not incapable of riding a race according to English methods, which is not run from start to finish. It was a great piece of work, and Maher deserves every congratulation, but while congratulating Maher I must not forget to sympathise with S. Loates, whose unfortunate fall incapacitates him just in one of the busiest parts of the season.

The executive of the Wembley Park Meeting still adhere, I see, to their determination to have summer steeplechases on the continental plan at their meetings next year; but it seems to me that the scheme is predestined to failure, for more than one reason. In the first place, we have not got enough steeplechase horses to go round for the winter season as it is; secondly, our jockeys will probably show a considerable reluctance to riding when the ground is like a road; and, thirdly, unless during the summer the course is artificially prepared, every second horse that comes out will be lame after his first appearance. Besides which, the National Hunt Committee have to be reckoned with yet, and the N.H.C. are a body with decided views and despotic powers of jurisdiction upon various subjects. It is a little difficult to take summer steeplechasing seriously under the circumstances.

BUCEPHALUS.

## THE FIELD TRIALS ON GROUSE.

IT is a good many years since Sir Watkin Wynn first gave the use of his moors at Bala for the purpose of determining which of the field-trial dogs are the most at home on grouse ground. He himself has a very first-rate breed of pointers, and he has, in years past as well as this year, had a fair measure of success in working his dogs for the prizes of the Gun-dog League. Indeed, this year he got second in the brace stake, and if the judges had seen all that happened, he no doubt would have been first. The one difficulty about grouse trials is that judges never can see all that happens; and sometimes, though not often, lookers-on see most of the game. No matter how well the judges walk up, when they get to the foot of a hill, and the dogs are on the top, those at a distance, by reason of the law of angles, see most. And it is impossible to say a word against verdicts when this accident happens, as it did

when Barley Bree and Shamrock, Mr. W. Arkwright's brace, were down. By the unwritten laws of sportsmanship it would have been unfair to call the attention of these judges to the flush these dogs made out of sight of the officials of the day, who on this occasion, and the second day also, were Baron Jaubert, from France, Mr. S. Smale, and Mr. H. Jones. It was not the only occasion when verdicts were given in happy ignorance of flushes made out of sight, nor were these the only judges who failed to see through a hundred yards of hill. But that is another story.

Unfortunately, the first field-trial day, Wednesday, July 24th, broke the spell of fair weather, and drenched everybody who was not properly "aqua-scutumed" to the skin; indeed, the rain only held off to give just time enough to let you feel how wet you were before it began again.

In such weather any detailed report of the number of points and backs made by each dog becomes a little more useless than it generally is. A dog will often get half-a-dozen points at a single brood of grouse, if the birds are so very obliging as to scatter nicely into the wind for him and to rise singly, and this performance properly executed is pretty enough, and yet it does not always bear comparison with a single find made at a long distance of a cunning old cock, first pointed and then rodded out, often enough down wind, and for a couple of hundred yards or more. In such circumstances it would obviously be unfair to count six points to the one and only one to the other. And this being so, and the length of this article being limited, it will be better to give only a general impression of the work done and the character of the dogs performing it.

There were ten braces on the first day to settle the merits of. Some had rain and no wind to contend with; others no rain and a fresh breeze; Sir Watkin Wynn's first brace down experienced



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ON THE WAY TO THE MOOR.

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LINGFIELD BESS BACKING BEN OF GERWN.

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the former, and the single flush which stood to their discredit was excusable, considering they made out five birds singly. This was Ruth and Dex o' Gymru. Mr. W. Arkwright's first brace may be passed without comment, except to say that Sandbank evidently felt distressed that the Welsh sheep did not appreciate his presence, and he wished to get on speaking terms. There was not any harm intended, but it was an awkward incident for a field trial. Mr. Williams's Wandering Minnie and Rose of Gerwn did fair work in a fair manner. They lack size and do their best under adverse conditions when the heather is long and clinging and the peat hags deep. Mr. Warwick's Compton Dinah and Barton Charmer are good dogs which failed to show to advantage, and Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Gaby and Ightfield Duke looked like winning; but for one mistake they must have done so. This was when Gaby left a point, evidently thinking he was being left by Cameron, his breaker, and in doing so tumbled over the bird he had been pointing, which had evidently run away side wind from the point. However, they got third in spite of this, and were better-class setters than any others on the ground. Mr. Warwick's Compton Sam and Compton Beauty failed to please; Sam, who is death on a scattered brood, did fairly well, but Beauty did not think him reliable enough to back. Mr. A. E. Butter's Faskally Bragg and Syke of Bromfield did not do badly, but failed to show that decisive, bold, good work for which they are famous. Sir Watkin Wynn's Dab and Rap o' Gymru were the best performers of the day, and obtained second. They were probably not the best brace in the stake, but did the best work under the circumstances. They are not quite fast enough, but have excellent form, and are well broken. Mr. W. Arkwright's Shamrock and Barley Bree are fast and good dogs, but whereas Shamrock is a pointer of great style, Barley is not taking; nevertheless she gallops fast and finds well. They got first, and also the pure type trophy offered by their owner.

The puppy stakes, on Thursday, July 25th, was disappointing in many ways. The young dogs had evidently not benefited in temper or nose by the doing they got in the rain of the day before. Banner Faskally was probably the best of the lot, and he is about the best backer as a rule, in private and public, that has been seen amongst the puppies this year; but he evidently got a notion that dogs pointed when there was no game (excusable, for they did), and so, when he went in and passed Carlsbad on the point, he was turned out for his strongest point of merit. Rightly enough, but extremely unfortunate, for the object is to find the best. Carlsbad eventually won first. He ran at Shrewsbury in the spring, unplaced, and was then sold by Colonel Cotes for 31 guineas at Aldridge's sale, to Captain Lonsdale, who thus made a good bargain. Second went to a lemon and white setter, Dora of Lyndhurst, belonging to the Hon. G. W. Lascelles, a new comer at field trials, and Ranger of the New Forest. She ran well all through. Third was Mr. Elias Bishop's Master Pedro, who has never since gone as boldly as he did at Ipswich; and fourth went to Mr. Warwick's Compton Peter, a very fair dog. Don o' Gymru (Sir Watkin Wynn's) did better work than any of these, until he got a little out of hand on one occasion, which evidently put him out.

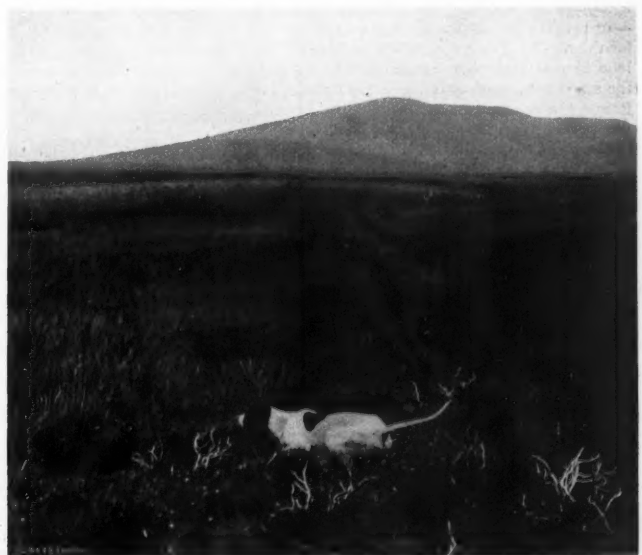
The all-aged stake was valuable and the entry good; this was run on Friday, July 26th, the only fine day of the meeting. The judges, according to the programme, had now to be

changed, and it must have been very satisfactory to them that the dogs were able to show their true form, without all the chance work of the two preceding drenching days. The day's work was remarkable for the confirmation of the form shown in the champion stake at the National Field Trials and the verdict there, which placed Mr. Butter's Syke of Bromfield at the head of affairs, a place he retains. The next two dogs in this stake were Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Gaby and Mr. Warwick's Compton Sam, neither of which were entered in the National Championship. Then came Mr. Butter's Faskally Bragg, and fifth was Rose of Gerwn (Mr. A. T. Williams's).

Syke, by the judges' score, clean outworked all competitors, with the reservation that he is said to have flushed once out of sight of them. He is a remarkable pointer in any case, with a nose that very seldom fails him, and often enables him to reach birds over the backs of most competitors, and when he does he stands up to his game in remarkably fine form. He is also a very good-looking dog, much more so than his kennel companion

Bragg of show-bench fame. Shoulders and necks are a great thing, especially when it comes to rough ground, and these both first pointer Syke and first setter Gaby have to perfection, and it is a great thing for the two breeds when the best-looking and the best workers are found to be the same dogs, as is here the case. Gaby, it will be remembered, won here last year, and secured the Patiaia Gold Challenge Cup, which he again secures, Syke missing that for pointers only because Mr. Butter is not a member of the International Kennel Club; so that trophy for pointers goes to the keeping of Mr. A. T. Williams for the work of Rose of Gerwn.

Gaby is a light-built, long, lathy setter; he hunts with his brains as well as his legs and nose. He has a fine setter style on the point, carries a good head and a merry stern. Compton Sam, third prize winner, out-pointed Ightfield



G. Mark Cook.

CARLSBAD.

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Duke when they were down together, and in fact he is rarely good amongst game, having both nose and sense and a merry way of working, but he, unlike Duke and Gaby, is a little spaniel-like. Faskally Bragg, fourth prize winner, is a fine bold dog, but does not do well in single stakes for some reason. Mr. A. T. Williams's Rose of Gerwn, fifth prize winner, is almost as good as a little one can be. She is fast, and apparently has an excellent nose; she, too, is very careful in the neighbourhood of game. Colonel Cotes's Cranfield Druce is a handsome liver-ticked pointer bitch, which did good work throughout. Shamrock is full of pointer character, and is one of the best of dogs in a brace stake, but never seems to have enough vim to get into the money in a single stake. Taking the work done all round at these trials, there was hardly any bad exhibition throughout, and not a breaker or a team present but could show capital work on August 12th. There is an

admirable spirit amongst the owners and breakers, who all like to see the best dog win, but know well enough that this cannot always be the case where chance enters a good deal, perhaps not too much, into the game. It is the best on the day, not necessarily the absolutely best, that wins; but even when the best on the day does not win, from some oversight on the part of the mortals who judge, it is all taken in good part. Everybody is aware that opinion on what dogs ought to do goes for something, and that judging is not an easy thing in the best of circumstances, to say nothing of judging in torrents of rain.

The best dog at the whole meeting was adjudged to be Syke of Bromfield, and he accordingly got the extra prize as such. The moors are not very easy ones to work from the White Lion at Bala, as it is a good seven miles' drive, and an additional climb of three, four, or five miles, according to the starting-point. Sir Watkin has not got over many grouse per acre either, but enough for the purpose, and it is only by his kindness and that of a few other people in lending their moors, that we can continue to have such pleasant and useful gatherings.



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MR. BUTLER'S AND MR. WARWICK'S TEAMS.

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## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

July 29<sup>th</sup>.

### A PUZZLE OF ROOKS.

THE behaviour of rooks is a perpetual puzzle. Within the last few days a considerable concourse, say 150, of these whimsical birds have elected to roost nightly in a clump of large poplars where they have not been known to roost before; and although there are several small rookeries close by, in none of these is a single nest placed in a poplar tree. Nor do they arrive at the trees in the straightforward manner of starlings, who may be seen at sunset converging by battalions across country towards the reed-beds and coppices which they favour—or perhaps flavour would be the right term—with their rank-scented presence for the night. Instead, one first becomes aware that the rooks are going to bed by a kind of sensation, rather than actual hearing, of multitudinous cawing in the air, coming from nowhere in particular. Presently you locate it as proceeding from a filmy cloud of rooks, circling at an immense height perpendicularly above the poplar trees, to which they ultimately descend, first one, then two, then dozens, dropping with eccentric swoops and dives from story to story of the upper air, till they reach their first-floor bedrooms in the poplars. Where they come from or why they come, I do not know, and no such assemblage of rooks is to be seen anywhere in the neighbourhood in the daytime. Can they be the first flight of immigrants from over-sea, whence these poplars would have been the first tall trees encountered? Or are they actuated in their choice by the fact that these poplars grow near a cottage, the solitary building on four miles of road?

### WEATHER-LORE AT FAULT.

Rustic tradition, which attributes weather-lore to the wise-looking rook, might suggest that these birds elected to assemble nightly in the poplars because they foresaw that the long drought was going to break up with storms, and these trees are, in rustic belief, immune to lightning. But, even if this were so—which is by no means the fact—the disadvantages of the poplar as a shelter would more than outweigh the very occasional benefit of escape from lightning; for the same peculiarity of pendulous, flattened stalk which makes the poplar leaf oscillate in every breath of wind, and keeps the shivering foliage always on the move, prevents it from keeping out the rain; while of all birds the rook seems to become most miserably draggle-tailed when wet. In fact, one cannot think of a rook in a heavy shower of rain without recollecting how it has to waggle its tail, when it starts to fly, to shake the rain out of it, and how gap-toothed and sodden its wings look as it plashes its way across a leaky sky. This year, too, our poplars have scarcely any foliage to speak of; not because they foresaw the heat-waves and elected to do without half their clothes, but because they chose exactly the wrong time to open their leaf-buds, and were nipped by the north-easters that made part of our late spring so Arctic. No, it certainly was not weather-lore which sent this crowd of rooks to get soaked night after night last week in the big poplars. Rather must we accept their gathering as one of the early signs of the waning year.

### AERIAL EVOLUTIONS.

Another sign of the passage of summer, more conspicuous than usual this year, is the assembling of the starlings into vast flocks for company at night. Already in consequence of the drought, which had partly dried the marshes, the reed-beds where they roost had begun to give forth that sickening smell which will make the starling hosts such unwelcome night-lodgers in the coverts to which they resort later in the year, when they have broken down the reeds with their nightly sleeping weight. But this localised nuisance concerns few of us, while the evening evolutions of the starlings before they sweep down to bed among the reeds are worth going to see. Indeed, it almost seems as if they deliberately assembled before bedtime to hold a grand parade and aerial spectacle, so continuous and wonderful are the ordered manoeuvres of the great host, now sweeping the horizon like a driving dust-storm, now rushing like a

shower of volleyed bullets across the overhead sky, now turning with the clean-cut swish of myriad wings, and gleaming slantwise to the sunset like the lance-points of wheeling army corps, then closing their ranks into a line that rises black into the sky, and spreads as a melting thunder-cloud into a heaven-wide veil of rushing wings. So the display goes on, each change complete and marvellous, till at the last the great flood of birds pours itself like a falling waterspout down into the reed-beds, and the sky is empty.

### INSTINCT, NOT DISCIPLINE.

But wonderful as these evolutions appear, they are simple in character, and the regularity of their display gives evidence not of perfection of discipline, but rather of lack of it. If, as some suppose, these hosts of birds wheeled and turned at command of some leader, they would have no need to wheel or turn at all, because the consummate genius that could control such evolutions would find no difficulty in deploying the ranks at proper distances to start with, and so all would get to roosting-places at the first attempt. When there are only a score of starlings or so which roost together, they find no difficulty about it at all. They just fly straight to bed and there's an end of it. No marching and counter-marching and aerial evolutions for them. But when the host to be accommodated with sleeping room is very large, difficulties begin. The gregarious instinct compels each starling on the wing to imitate his neighbours. When a sparrow-hawk drops over the hedge every starling in the field is off at once. Instinct has taught them that the devil—sparrow-hawk—takes the hindmost, and the drill of ages has made their movements so perfectly simultaneous, when alarm is given, that neither hawk nor human eye can tell which is the hindmost. So, when the whole host is wheeling and sweeping, an ordered plane of birds in the evening sky, the eye is deceived into regarding this instinctive simultaneity as deliberate discipline.

### JOSTLING TO BED.

But what happens is simply that time after time something occurs to prevent the birds from settling. Each bird desires to settle, but each must do what his neighbours do; and while now one wing, now the other, and now the centre takes the lead towards the roosting-place, at some point or other of the extended line a difficulty presents itself. Most often this is due to the birds which are leaving not leaving enough settling room for the right or left wing, which therefore has to overfly the mark, and the whole host instinctively follows. Probably at the next attempt those which were crowded out take the lead, and, determined to have room this time, make for the centre of the roosting-place, with the inevitable result that the other wing overlaps and drags the whole host after it. So it goes on, every bird desiring to settle all the time, but compelled by instinct to go with his neighbours; while the causeless alarm of any single bird in that vast array may at any moment send it wheeling in the wrong direction.

### AN EXAMPLE FROM PIGEONS.

You may see the same thing on a smaller scale among domestic pigeons. When, say, twenty birds desire to settle upon a roof, the whole twenty will, time after time, be dragged away by the alarm of one, or because a few at one end overshoot the mark, the whole company must pass on, wheeling near and far before they get their ranks into proper order, distance, and speed for another attempt, which may similarly fail. After repeated misses the nerves of the flock evidently get more and more "jumpy," and it is only the resolute action of one or more individuals, setting instinct at defiance and deliberately falling out of rank to settle, whatever may happen, that brings the rest down safely at last. So with the starlings; you will generally see that the settling begins by the resolute action of a few.

### DROWNED-OUT MARTINS.

The drenching showers of last week did great mischief among the young birds, especially the young sparrows in the water-pipes, and, sad to relate, the martins. The rain came just at the time when many of the young martins were trying their wings for the first time, and drenched them, with the result that, after failing at the first attempt to make good their lodgment under the eaves, they wheeled more and more feebly in the downpour, until their staggering flight ended among the soaked herbage. Here we picked up several, dead from exposure, next day; and for others, which, while yet alive, were placed in shelter, we have no hope, because the little things persisted in fluttering out again, and always ended among the bushes. Martins, moreover, seem to have the cruel instinct which impels many gregarious creatures to kill those which are weak or injured; for one little cripple which was fluttering on the drive received only vicious pecks, apparently, from the other martins, which swooped and wheeled around it. When rescued, most of its tail and half the feathers from its crown



were gone; but now it is recovering strength in a cage, where it feeds itself greedily. Yet when two other rescued waifs were put into the same cage, desperate fighting ensued, the original cripple, as the more newly restored to health, being the assailant apparently. Is strife like this Nature's method of eliminating the weaklings, so that the strong may monopolise the food, and gain added strength for the great journey over-seas? E. K. R.

## THE LATE . . . BISHOP OF DURHAM.

THE ancient see of Dunelm has always been fortunate in having for bishop one of the most accomplished and scholarly theologians of the day, and this tradition was admirably sustained by Dr. Westcott, who died last Saturday at the ripe age of seventy-five. As a scholar he was not an unworthy successor of Bishop Lightfoot, whose researches really suggested to German *savants* most of the historical criticism of the present day, and as an administrator not inferior to Bishop Baring. Before accepting the See he had no experience of parochial work of any kind, yet he took up the duties of the position as if his life had been spent in preparation for them. It was very largely owing to his tact and conciliatory attitude that the wasteful coal strike of 1892 was brought to a close, although even at that critical moment a sum of three millions had been wasted on it. So sympathetic was he with labour in every shape and form that some whispered that he was a Socialist at heart. There was nothing in his acts or conversation to justify this. It was merely that, like every thoughtful man of our time, he saw that underneath the very extravagant demands of the demagogue and agitator there are certain real hardships and grievances incidental to poverty and hard work, and he generously tried to act as champion of the weaker side. As in many other prelates, book wisdom and a fair knowledge of the world and of



Lillott and Fry.

DR. WESTCOTT.

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men were combined in him, so that he filled his important post with distinction, and to the satisfaction of all concerned. It will be difficult to find a successor who is able to carry out the ideal that he set himself.

## ON THE GREEN.

RATHER a queer match was played last week between the Edinburgh Burgess Club and the Mortonhall Club, both being in reality clubs that draw their membership from Edinburgh and have their playgrounds within easy reach of that "Reekie" city. The match was a team match of 100 players a side—probably five times as many as often have made up a team match before. This was curious; but what is of more reasonable interest is the result consequent on the manner in which the match was decided. Mortonhall won. We may put that

act on one side, as showing that Mortonhall probably was the stronger side. Mortonhall won by 230 holes to 145—a sufficient margin. But there were other facts, that came out incidentally, which are of greater interest than this. The match was played over two greens—the home green of the Burgess Club, which is called Barnton, and the Mortonhall green, fifty couples competing at each. It is to be presumed that the players were pitted against each other in such a way as to make the matches as level as possible. Yet, as regards each green, the results were that at Barnton the Burgess people actually had an advantage of 100 holes against the others' 93, whereas at Mortonhall the Mortonhall Club had the overwhelming advantage of 137 holes to 45. This result is interesting and instructive, for it shows, more clearly than we have had it shown before, as I think, about what value is to be placed on local knowledge of a course. Mortonhall, no doubt, had the stronger team, yet on the home course of the Burgess Club the fifty of the stronger team were actually beaten by seven holes on balance, while at Mortonhall the home club won by the very big advantage, in fifty matches, of ninety-two holes. It would be interesting if the two clubs could fight their battle over again, with the difference that the fifty of each side who played at Mortonhall should, on the next occasion, meet at Barnton, and *vice versa*. Then we should be able to draw our inferences as to the value of local knowledge more accurately, because a possible, though improbable, source of error (in a discrepancy between the fifties, and possibly ill-assorted pairs) would be eliminated.

One gets a little bit tired of Braid, Taylor, Vardon, in whatever order (and it is an order that varies with each match they play) one is to place them. Tired, that is to say, one gets of reading about them, though there is no chance of getting tired of watching them. The golf is too good for that to be possible. Tired the unfortunate is only too likely to be who is asked to compete with this formidable council of three. It is a fearful prospect, even with local knowledge to support one, to have to keep the game going in their company. Warlingham is the latest scene of their exploits.

Mr. Travis, the American amateur champion, has been playing a thirty-six hole match with Mr. W. H. Fowler at St. Andrews, in which the two finished all level. Mr. Fowler's score in the morning was returned, I notice, at seventy-nine, so there cannot have been anything amiss with the play, and, on the whole, the "line" that we get as to Mr. Travis's power, both from this match and from others that he has played with Mr. Norman Hunter and Mr. Bruce Hunter, all go to show that his golf, and the best amateur golf in the States, of which it is typical, is good enough, and better, I think, than we were disposed to imagine it before he came to exhibit it. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your interesting article on Danby Hall, of June 22nd, you state that though the late Major Scrope "substantiated his claim as heir-male, the *attainder* was upheld, not without much protest." I hope you will permit me to point out that this was not the chief reason—or, indeed, the reason at all—why the claim was not upheld. As Mr. Metcalfe, in his exhaustive work on the Scrope Family—"A Great Historic Peerage: The Earldom of Wiltes" (printed for the author by Whittingham and Co., Chiswick Press, London, 1899)—points out, the decision was given against the claim, on the ground that the Crown had no power "to give to a dignity a descendible quality unknown to the Law, and thereby to introduce a new species of inheritance and succession." This deliverance of Lord Chelmsford is the more incomprehensible and astounding, because two earldoms—Devon and Oxford—are held by patents granted in exactly the same terms as the patent granted to the Earl of Wiltes, which patent exists. It therefore follows that either the peerages of Devon and Oxford are liable to be upset equally with that of Wiltes, or that if they are to be upheld that of Wiltes must be so equally. The question rests on this assumption, viz.: Has the Crown the power to grant a patent of nobility carrying with it "a descendible quality"? If it has not, how many peerages to-day are peerages *de facto* as well as *de jure*? Since the claim was made in 1859, most valuable evidence has been found in its support which was not forthcoming at the trial. I trust that you can find space for this letter in the interests of strict accuracy.—CHARLES E. LART, Lyminge, Hythe, Kent.

### AN UNKNOWN BIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing your correspondent's letter in this week's COUNTRY LIFE entitled "An Unknown Bird," I would suggest from his description that it is the wedge-tailed gull mentioned in Howard Saunders's book of "British Birds," page 643, who says this beautiful roe-breasted gull was discovered on June 23rd, 1823, on Melville's Peninsula, during Parry's second expedition, and describes it as follows: "The adult in summer has the under parts white, suffused with rose or salmon colour, head and neck white, with a few black feathers near the eye, and a narrow band of same colour round the neck; mantle pale pearl grey, outer web of first primary black, secondaries and inner primaries tipped with rosy white; tail wedge-shaped and pure white, bill black and even smaller than in the engraving, legs and feet red. In winter there is no black collar. One is said to have been shot near Todcaster in December, 1846.—E. CHAPMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The bird which your correspondent "Neustadt" saw among a flock of seagulls near Staffa is probably the wedge-tailed gull, generally called Ross's gull. The following description is taken from "The Sketch Book of British Birds," by R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D., F.L.S.: "In breeding plumage Ross's gull is of a light pearly grey, with the tail and underparts white, with a ring of black round the neck. On the breast there is at first a lovely rosy blush, which fades in preserved specimens; it is less pronounced in winter, when black collar is also absent. In young birds there is a black band at the end of the tail, and there is a black patch behind the eye. Ross's gull breeds in the Arctic regions, and Dr. Nansen found its nesting haunts on some islands in lat. 80deg. 38min. N., long. 63deg. E. It has been noticed in Greenland and many other places in the high North, and has been seen abundantly on migration at Point Barrow in the autumn. A single specimen has been said to have been procured in Yorkshire. The nest has not yet been described, but an egg ascribed to this species is in the British Museum.—D. M. RICHARDSON.

## UNCOMMON NESTING-PLACES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

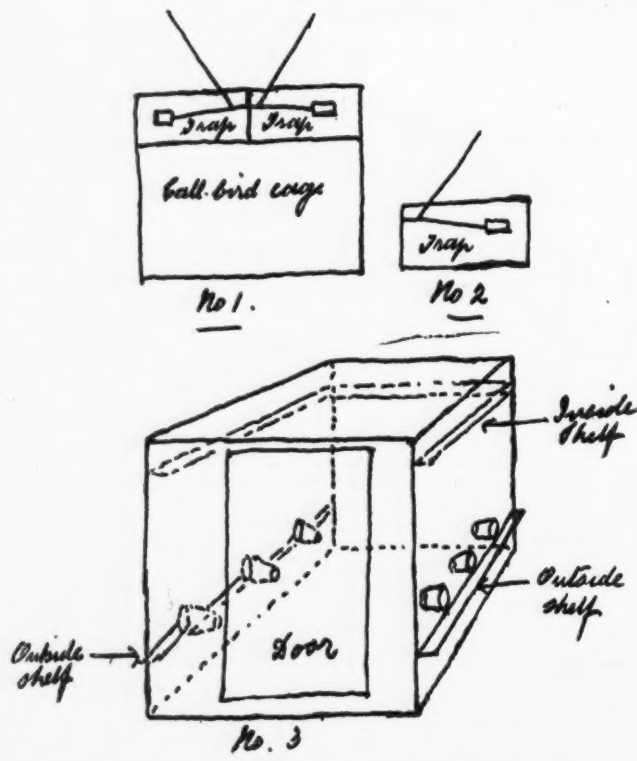
SIR,—The following cases are unusual ones in my experience, and I should be glad to know if similar ones have often been noticed. (1) In June a pair of chaffinches nested in a *Pyrus japonica* tree trained against the wall of my house. They hatched out in due course, and now a pair of spotted fly-catchers have occupied the nest and have also hatched out. (2) We found a nightingale's nest this year, 2½ ft. from the ground, placed without any attempt at concealment, on the bough of a spruce fir. We have several pairs nesting here (Brandon, Suffolk), every year, but all the other nests I have found have been on, or close to, the ground, usually in ivy, and always well concealed.—BASIL SPRAGGE.

[It is not unusual for a spotted fly-catcher to occupy another nest, but the case of the nightingale nesting on the bough of a spruce fir is remarkable indeed.—ED.]

## SPARROW TRAPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in your reply to the Dean of Chichester, and I agree with you that "unfortunately there is no really efficient sparrow trap." Still, he may perhaps be glad to know what can be done in a small garden in a small town by the employment of very humble means. I first began catching sparrows in June, 1898, and since then have caught 2,010 in three traps, of which I enclose rough illustrations. No. 1 is a call-bird cage, with two simple traps on the top, each of which will catch one bird at a time only, and must then be set again. No. 2 is a similar single trap to stand by the side of No. 1. No. 3 is a wire cage about 5 ft. square, with three entrance cones of wire netting along each side, and a large door at the end to allow a man to get in and catch



the birds. This has often caught from twelve to eighteen in one day, and needs no attention, but it has not proved so uniformly successful as the smaller traps. Nearly all the birds have been caught in the summer, for only young ones can be caught in any numbers, at least, I have had but little success in trapping old ones in the winter. This is my record:

Birds caught in traps Nos. 1 and 2.	Birds caught in trap No. 3.
1898 . . . 340	1898 . . . 185
1899 . . . 270	1899 . . . 119
1900 . . . 152	1900 . . . 361
1901 . . . 304	1901 . . . 279
1,066	944

From my experience call-birds are absolutely necessary, and nothing can be done without them. These must have food and water, or they quickly die, and they cannot survive a wet day. The best bait appears to be wheat, bread, and a little clover or grass seed. After August the birds go to the cornfields, and very few can be caught in a garden. I certainly think that the scarcity of swallows and martins is largely due to sparrows, and I seem to notice that since these have been kept down other and more useful birds have increased in numbers. To catch an average of ten birds a day in the height of the season does not sound particularly successful, but as they are more or less local in their habits the destruction of 500 each summer has made a vast difference to the number frequenting this garden. As to traps, no device should be used which does not catch birds alive without cruelty, and all except sparrows should at once be set free. The wire netting used should be ½ in. mesh. Probably trap No. 3 could be made more efficient by a little alteration in design, but it is difficult to make an automatic trap which shall be easy to get into and impossible to get out of, though perhaps it might be done by having a second cage inside an outer one. I am now making experiments in this direction. The basket traps made like a lobster pot I find absolutely useless. I shall be much pleased to give further information to any of your correspondents who may wish for fuller particulars as to the construction and working of the traps.—B.



## BLUE HYDRANGEAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph (taken by myself) of a lovely slaty blue hydrangea. The plant has over 100 blooms, is 4 ft. 9 in. high and 15 ft. in circumference—too large to be moved from the conservatory to be photographed.—E. J., Raby Hall, Bromborough, Cheshire.

[We greatly admire a good blue-flowered hydrangea, and this change in colouring is very interesting. It is certainly not a matter of soil only, and a correspondent mentioned in a contemporary recently that he had grown plants from cuttings from bushes whose flowers were of a strong blue. In the hope of retaining the blue colour some of the actual soil in which they came so blue was sent to fill two tubs for the reception of the plants. This was from a place in Sussex, about ten miles from the sea, the soil a stiff loam, almost clay, containing a good deal of iron. The place to which they were removed was forty-five miles from the sea, nearly halfway between London and Portsmouth, but here the hydrangeas flowered pink, without a trace of blue.—ED.]

## A NATURAL WALL GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a very pretty corner of our garden. The foxgloves which you see on the wall are all self-sown. Some four or five years ago this bit of wall began to grow ferns on its own account, and the number has increased yearly. Now, however, the foxgloves appear likely to oust the ferns from their position. The year before last we had but one of these, and now you will see there is quite a small colony. I might add that no foxgloves have been planted in the ground immediately under or near this bit of wall. Perhaps the readers of COUNTRY LIFE may like to see a picture of this quaint corner, which I photographed about a fortnight ago.—A. G. ROBINS.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for his letter and photograph. It would be interesting to know of what materials the wall is built, and also the exposure. Such a crop of flowers can seldom be grown, even with the most careful cultivation.—ED.]

